

The Sketch



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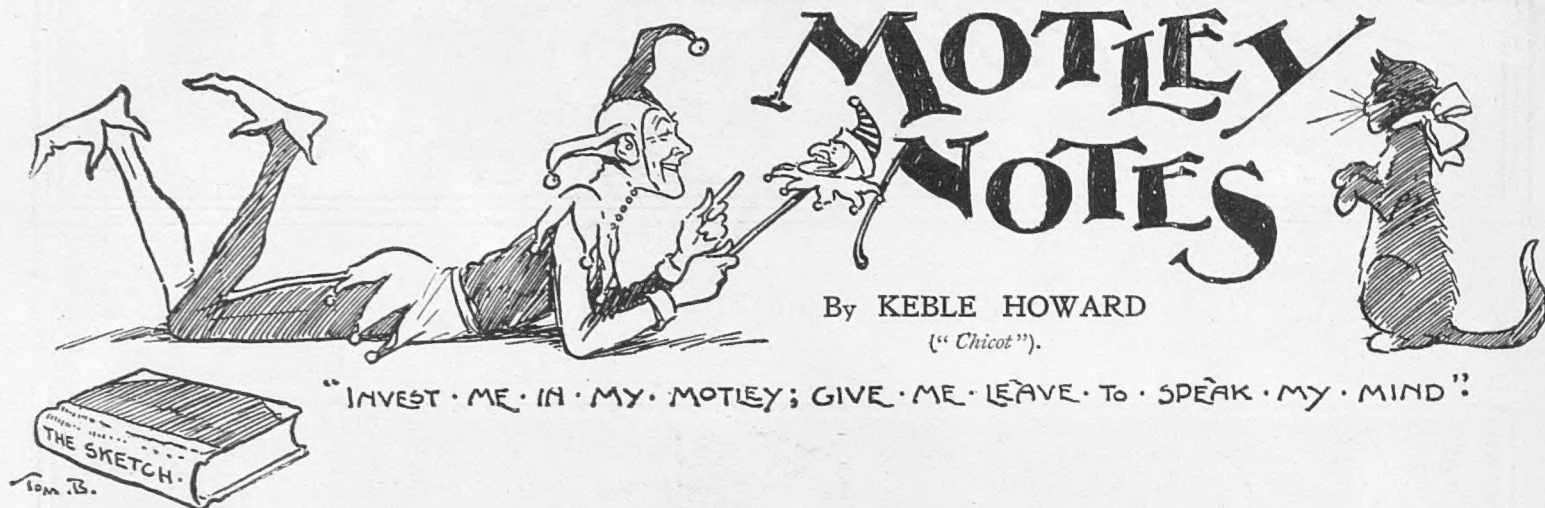
SIXPENCE.



MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE CROSSWAYS,"

THE NEW PLAY WRITTEN BY HERSELF AND MR. HARTLEY MANNERS. (SEE ALSO PAGE 281.)

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

FROM time to time, the long-suffering people whose duty it is to write things in papers about theatres and theatrical matters manage to raise a wailing chorus of protest against the stage child. Of late years, however, thanks to Christmas productions of the better class, the stage child has improved, until, at last, it is hardly to be looked upon as anything worse than a necessary evil. With the stage "boy," though, the case is different. The stage boy—I need not put him in inverted commas again—the stage boy has gradually become so weirdly, so freakishly boyish, that, to my mind, he is far less tolerable than was the stage child at its worst. For the stage child, at any rate, was a child, whereas the stage boy is any old thing over thirty who can speak in a high voice and turn his trousers up at the ends. Never, of course, does he stand still, nor, if he be lying down—as he does on the slightest provocation—can he ever lie still, but must be constantly nibbling bits of grass and gazing up innocently into the faces of the actors and actresses playing sympathetic parts. If the play be written by a skilled dramatist, the stage boy will certainly have a line or two about smoking and its consequences. This joke, as you are aware, never fails to get a laugh; indeed, I believe that, if the public ever tire of it, the stage boy, from that day forth, will cease to exist.

Most of the dramatic critics have taken the trouble to find fault with the title of Mr. Robert Marshall's new play at the Haymarket, but not one of them, so far as I am aware, has had the kindness to suggest a better name for the piece than "The Unforeseen." I make bold, therefore, to suggest, as a substitute, "The Blind Parson." If I am told by the *Referee* that the name has been used before, I shall be delighted, for that knowledge will confirm me in my belief that the title is a good one. Just think what a lot of money-making elements it suggests! Pale-faced Virtue, to begin with, and then a Vicarage, a Loving Wife, Clear-Eyed Daughters, Roses, Patient Villagers, Church Music, and ever so many other things that the public loves. Mind you, most of these ingredients have been stirred into the present Haymarket production; what a pity, then, that the Haymarket patrons should be misled by an unfamiliar and somewhat unsuggestive label! There should always be more in a title, it seems to me, than meets the eye of the unimaginative 'bus-driver.

Since I last had the pleasure of holding converse with you, sweet reader, I have been trying to make out why it is that everyone seems to profit by the Season of Christmas except myself. On every side of me I see signs of prosperity directly traceable to our dear old Commercial Christmas. Shopkeepers, theatrical managers, publishers, actors, singers, publicans, crossing-sweepers, waiters, railway-porters, paper-boys—one and all are hurrying to and fro, their pockets stuffed with charity-gotten gains. For myself, on the contrary, so far am I from benefitting by Christmas that I am considerably out of pocket each year by reason of this season that the euphemists have dubbed "glad." If it were not for the fact that I am naturally of a very yielding disposition, I should long ago have advocated in these columns the abolition of the joyous festival. Whilst I remain true to my better self, however, I must be content to pay up in as breezy a manner as possible and contrive to look rubicund about it. And there is always consolation in the thought that, if the worst comes to the worst, I can turn the season of Christmas to mercenary account by writing a pantomime.

Talking of publishers, I have been having a look through the Christmas books for very small children, and, in almost every case, I find that the illustrations are infinitely superior to the verses or stories that they illustrate. This truth rather gives the lie to a writer in a daily paper who has laid it down that works of fiction should not be illustrated. I am perfectly willing to admit that a bad illustration is a serious handicap to a story or a novel, but I also maintain that a good illustration is of great service to the author. But artist and author must work together; the author should explain to the artist what it is that he wants and see that he gets it. My own experience of artists tells me that they would far rather work under direction than originate; I am speaking, of course, merely of illustrative work. After all, the characters in a story or a book are created by the author, not by the artist, and the reader expects that the author's ideas will be carried out by the artist. Granting, then, that the author and the artist will take the trouble to work together, there is not the slightest reason why any work of fiction should suffer on account of its illustrations. On the contrary, the well-illustrated book will always stand a better chance of success than the solid mass of unrelieved type.

It is pleasant to observe that the book-buying public is quite ready to accord its patronage to volumes of short stories, provided that the stories are worth patronising. Such a tendency, though it may serve to discourage Mr. Hall Caine and some other strong-fingered writers, will still be the salvation of those whose talent lies in the direction of the short story as distinct from the novel. A good short story is just as much a work of art as a short poem; one can hardly place it on a higher pedestal than that. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, perhaps, is the ideal writer of short stories at present before the public; Mr. Jacobs I have already mentioned; a third is Miss Mary Cholmondeley. Miss Cholmondeley's latest book, "Moth and Rust," is supplemented by two short tales, one of which, "Geoffrey's Wife," is an almost perfect example of the art of story-telling. Setting aside the author's acknowledged literary ability, this little tale is finely constructed, vividly imagined, and thoroughly dramatic. Some readers may object to it as "harrowing," whatever that may mean, but I am bound to admit that the writer's craftsmanship held me interested to the last sentence.

I suppose that the William Rignold Benefit, given at the Lyric Theatre on Friday afternoon last in aid of a worthy artist who is compelled to abstain from following his profession owing to loss of sight, constitutes a record in theatrical benefits. Of all the clever actors and actresses now in London, there was hardly one whose name did not figure on the programme last Friday. At the same time, one cannot pretend that the presence of so many "stars" necessarily serves to illumine the Heaven of Art to a dazzling degree. Such a state of things, to put it mildly, is abnormal, and it is impossible for the sensitive lover of the beautiful to take any genuine pleasure in the abnormal. He may be interested, even amused, but he cannot help recognising that his æsthetic system has received a decided shock. However, when Charity's the moral—as Mr. Chevalier sings—we should never pick a quarrel, and it is very charming to see the members of any profession banding together to help a brother in distress. One can only sit and hope that the practice may become universal throughout the other, so to speak, shaggy professions, with particular reference to that odd-and-even clan known in after-dinner speeches and local journals as the Fourth Estate.



CATTLE SHOW WEEK: SOME OF LONDON'S VISITORS.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN AND THE RIGNOLD BENEFIT.

Actors and Eyesight—The William Rignold Benefit—President Roosevelt's Message—Italian and French Duellists—De Wet's Book.

I CAN recall the expression of grief with which all Paris received the news that one of the most charming of the actresses of the Palais-Royal Theatre would have to leave the stage because the glare of the footlights and of the limelight had hurt her eyes so seriously that she had become almost blind. She was a special



MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD.

Photograph by Carl and Lemiere.

favourite with our lively neighbours because she played the comic Englishwomen who so frequently figure on the boards at the little house in the corner of the Arcade deliciously, and we, the English who saw her skits on our countrywomen, never took offence, for it was all done so roguishly and good-naturedly, and, besides, she had in private life shown what she really thought of our country by marrying an Englishman. Two of our English favourites on the stage have lately been overwhelmed by the same great affliction of darkness. Mr. George Alexander is interesting himself on behalf of the lady who has always been an ornament and an honour to our theatres, and on Friday the Benefit for Mr. William Rignold—one of the results

of kindly Mr. Ledger's movement to assist the fine actor who has become totally blind, and to retain for him his home, the cottage he is so attached to—was a great success, artistically and financially.

The speech made by Mr. William Rignold when he was led on the stage during one of the intervals was most touching, and there were many wet cheeks when he spoke of the kindness showed him by his companion actors and actresses. There never was a better performance of "The Critic" than that given at the Lyric Theatre, and Mr. Wyndham as Puff, Mr. Tree as Burleigh, a part which necessitates no "study," Mr. Kemble as a very funny Whiskerandos, Messrs. "Lal" Brough, Harry Nicholls, Aynesworth, and Eric Lewis, were all excellent, while Miss Lottie Venne was a delightful Tilburina. "Cox and Box," a good old friend, was the opening item, and "Trial by Jury," with Miss Evie Greene as the plaintiff, Mr. Barrington as the Judge, and Messrs. Coffin and Grossmith as counsel and usher, made a rattling finish to a splendid afternoon's entertainment. I must not omit to mention the stirring speech from "Henry the Fifth" so finely recited by Mr. George Rignold.

What a fine fellow and a fine actor William Rignold used to be! All the world knows how well he played the parts entrusted to him, but all the world does not know of the sterling worth of the man off the stage. I recall one occasion on which he administered a most well-deserved chastisement to a cowardly fellow who, without the slightest truth, had slurred the good name of a lady whom he thought to be defenceless; and this is but one of the many little stories that all who know him can recall.

It is surprising how America is beginning to obtrude herself into our hemisphere. A dozen years ago, a Presidential Message dealing with domestic matters and containing nothing but the friendliest sentiments to all the European Powers would scarcely have been mentioned in our English papers, and would certainly not have been a matter of general interest; but last week we all were almost as interested in what President Roosevelt had to say to the two Houses of the Parliament of the United States as we would be in a speech from our Throne, and it was almost as fully reported. The United States, with a powerful Fleet steadily increasing, with Colonies in many seas, with her sense of her Imperial duties growing as she becomes accustomed to the responsibilities which come to her with the little peoples she is taking under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, with her project of a canal across the Isthmus, one of the great water highways of the future, gradually coming nearer and nearer commencement, is a very different country to the self-contained, self-sufficing Republic of a few years ago, and President Roosevelt is the man who, next to the German Emperor and Mr. Chamberlain, has attracted the most attention amongst the statesmen of the world during the past year.

It is a wonder to me that ridicule has not killed duelling in France before now, and the latest projected duel is the most ridiculous and at the same time the wickedest that has been on the tapis for a long time. The French swordsmen think that their style of fence is superior to the Italian; the Italians naturally think the opposite. There was a suggestion that the matter of superiority should, if possible, be settled by a contest of champions with buttoned foils, but this did not suit

the Professors, and in cold blood and by letter two Italian Professors of fence, Signori Vega and Pessina, have addressed two French swordsmen, MM. Kirchhoffer and Lucien Mérignac, in terms of the utmost insult, so as to provoke a duel with weapons of combat. But after this the amusing part of the dispute began. The Frenchmen are fully determined to kill the Italians if they can, and the Italians have the like kindly intention towards the French; but the great authorities on duelling were divided on the question as to whether the seconds of the Frenchmen should go to Naples to present the challenge, or whether the Italians' seconds should go to Paris to receive the cartel, and long and serious arguments were presented on either side, the laws of chivalry being constantly quoted. One patriotic Frenchman, who apparently seemed to think that the question of railway tickets might have something to do with the hesitation of the French seconds, offered to pay their passage to Naples and back. At last, however, the Frenchmen have waived what they consider to be their right, and are going or have gone to Naples. Now, instead of locking the French and Italian fire-eaters up and so preventing them from spitting each other, the police of France, Switzerland, and Italy will have an exciting time playing hide-and-seek with the duellists, hunting them from likely spot to likely spot and passing them on from frontier to frontier, until they bring off their duel some fine morning in the absence of the authorities, but with the photographers and reporters present in full force.

Lord Kitchener's statement that he was not in the train which De Wet very nearly captured and in which he believed the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa to be does not detract in any way from the value of the book written by the great Boer leader of irregulars, which is one of the most interesting narratives of war ever published; but it shows how difficult it is to give a quite correct account of any campaign without collating the reports of both sides and testing every statement, a proceeding which takes so much time that most official histories of wars are published long after any general interest in the war has ceased. There is another instance in De Wet's book of a misapprehension on his part. Once he thought at a ticklish time that he was in the presence of a Division of cavalry, and wondered that he was not attacked. What he thought was a great force of cavalry was really only a General, his Staff, and escort, all cursing their luck that their cavalry were not there to take advantage of an unique opportunity.

The time seems really to have come when M. Busoni is to take his definite place as one of the greatest pianists of this generation. His recital two or three days ago at the Bechstein Hall was, to those who knew him not, a revelation, but even to those who knew him best something of a surprise. His playing of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" was wonderful and magical. Human emotions are strange matters to deal with; but under that blue mosaic dome of the Bechstein Hall, with the light just glancing upon the pianist, and the rest of the hall buried in semi-darkness, he seemed to become a veritable prophet of Beethoven.

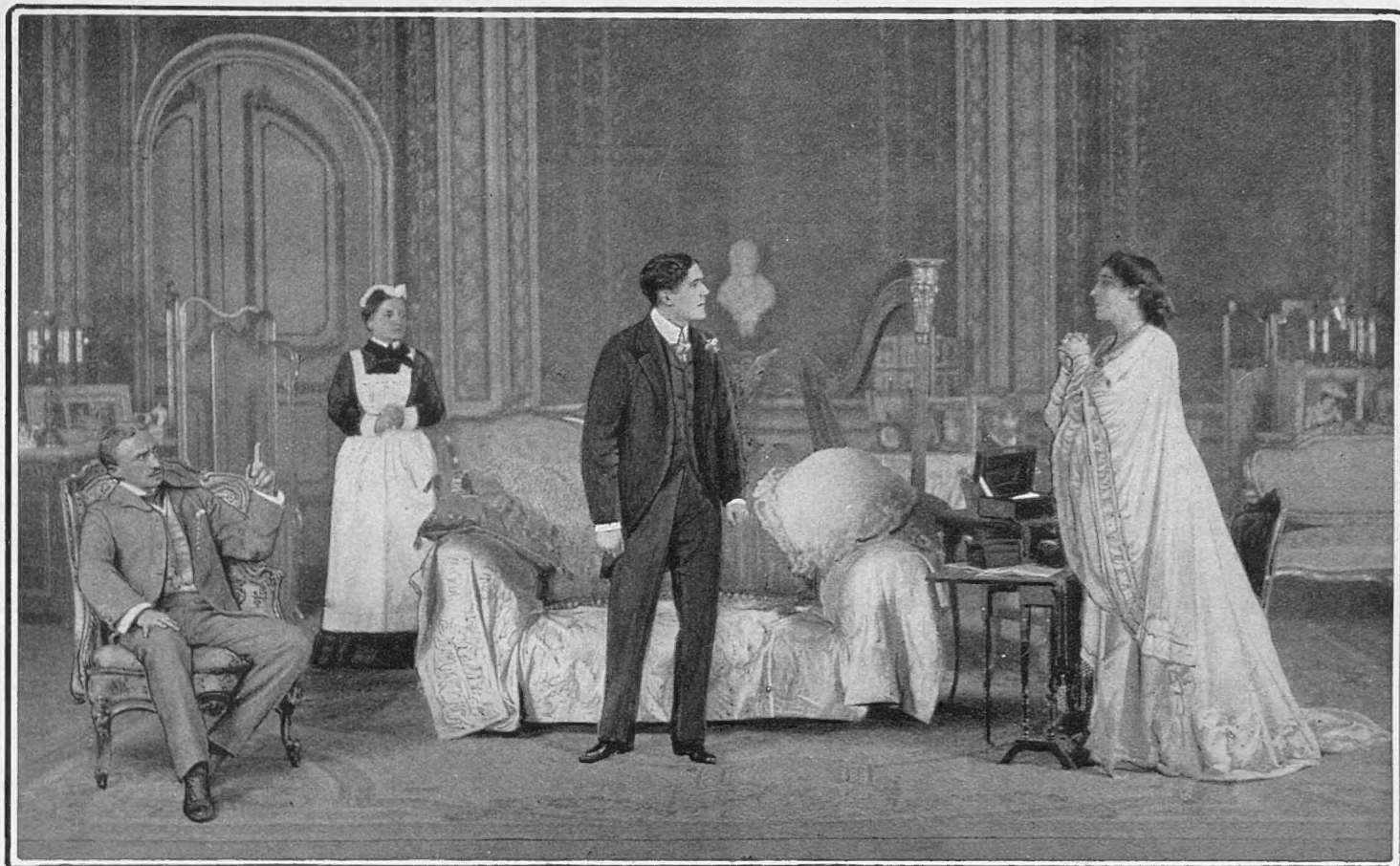


MR. WILLIAM RIGNOLD.

Photograph by Karoly, Birmingham.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE CROSSWAYS,"

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(Mr. Edward O'Neill).Mrs. Buttress
(Miss Ina Goldsmith).Lord Scarlett.
(Mr. Hartley Manners, Joint Author).The Duchess of Keensbury
(Mrs. Langtry).

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ACT II.—THE SAME: THE DUKE, HAVING DISCOVERED THE DECEPTION, TAKES LEAVE OF HIS WIFE—UNTIL THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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Dec. 10, 1902.

Signature.....

For the convenience of hunting ladies and gentlemen, the Great Central Railway Company have issued a very attractive Folder showing the various Meets through which their line passes on the route between London and Nottingham. Within this area, it may be mentioned, the Great Central Company's system serves the Bicester, Grafton, North Warwickshire, Pychley, Atherstone, Mr. Fernie's, and Quorn Hunts. Hunting season-tickets have been arranged from London to the various stations serving the hunting districts, full particulars of which are shown on the Folder. The information is given in a concise form for easy reference, and the Folder may be obtained, free, on application to the Publicity Department, Marylebone Station, or at any of the Great Central Company's town offices.



Gossop

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

A BRILLIANT house-party has been gathered together by Lord and Lady Howe in honour of the King and Queen's visit to Gopsall. The composition of a Royal house-party is always interesting to the outside world, as it gives a conclusive idea of who happen to be the Royal guests' favoured associates. As most people are aware, Royalties have the privilege, all the world over, of choosing those they are to meet, a list of suggested guests being always sub-

mitted some time before a Royal visit takes place. The King and Queen Alexandra are very faithful to old friends, and several members of the distinguished house-party with whom they are now spending a few pleasant days at Gopsall are generally included in any Royal house-party in which the Sovereign is principal guest. These are the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady de Grey, Lord and Lady Cadogan, the Marquis de Soveral, and Major and Lady Sarah Wilson. Gopsall is one of the pleasantest and most comfortable houses in Leicestershire. The estate is noted for its excellent sport, the pheasant-shooting being especially famed, and both Lord Howe and his father have always preserved very carefully. Perhaps the most interesting apartment at Gopsall is the Library, which contains an exceptional amount of Shaksperiana, including several early folios.

Comparatively few of the Sovereign's faithful subjects are ever given the opportunity of entertaining him under their own roof. Indeed, Queen Victoria made a rule of never making even the shortest of sojourns in the house of any subject who could not claim either illustrious birth or distinguished position, and to the insistent and increasing claims of wealth Her late Majesty was curiously indifferent. To a certain extent this example was followed by Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales; in those days Her Majesty very rarely became the guest of any commoner. An

exception, however, was made on the occasion of the then Princess of Wales's visit to West Dean Park in 1896. A distinguished couple who for the first time entertain Royalty in the person of the Sovereign and his Consort must feel very nervous, so many are the small points of etiquette to be observed. In many great country houses a special suite of rooms is practically reserved for the use of Royal visitors, and this always includes a dining-room as well as two sitting-rooms, for it has now become quite the habit for Royal visitors to spend a considerable portion of each day in comparative seclusion, often meeting the house-party only in the evening. It has also become the custom for Royal guests to bring with them their own servants, and, of course, all casual visitors to the house where the King or Queen happen to be staying are strictly denied admittance, unless it has been ascertained that their Majesties desire to meet the lady or gentleman in question.

Those fortunate few who are asked to have the honour to meet a Royal visitor are expected to appear clothed in exactly the degree of complimentary mourning which at that moment rules at Court; accordingly, the ladies who are constantly invited to form part of a Royal house-party make a point of taking with them a complete mourning outfit, for it very often happens that a period of Court mourning begins suddenly, and those fair visitors who came provided only with coloured dresses find themselves in the ignominious position of having to remain in their own rooms till their maids have managed to run them up a black costume.

At the present time the title of Marchioness seems to carry with it what our forbears used to style "the fatal gift of beauty." Certainly the prettiest Marchioness at the present time is Lady Anglesey, whose delicate beauty is equally admired in France and in England. Lady Anglesey is a daughter of that most popular of Barons, Sir George Chetwynd, and of the dainty little lady who at one time used to be known as the "pocket Venus" and who at the time of her marriage to Sir George was the widow of the last Marquis of Hastings. The young Marchioness lives a great deal in France; she is very fond of art, and has long been famed for her exquisite taste in dress.

The baby son and heir of Lord and Lady Castlereagh is to be his Sovereign's godson, and it is probable that the King will act as sponsor in person. His Majesty



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

has always been on most intimate terms of friendship with Lord and Lady Londonderry, and it is natural that he should wish to show the family this high token of consideration. Since his Accession, the King has acted as sponsor only a very few times, and as Prince of Wales he was also chary of conferring this honour; the Sovereign has, however, at least two dozen non-Royal godsons in various ranks of life, and several of these distinguished themselves in the War. Lord Castlereagh's little son and heir is to be christened Edward Robert. His birth has caused great rejoicings both in the neighbourhood of Mount Stewart, in Ireland, and at Wynyard, where both his parents and grandparents are very popular.

Miss Sassoon. Much interest attaches to the engagement of Miss Sassoon—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sassoon, and thus member of the great Jewish clan which ranks next in interest and power to that of the Rothschilds—to Mr. Oscar Raphael. The wedding will take place in January and is sure to be a very splendid and curious function. The Rothschilds of India, as the Sassoons have been called, originally came from Bagdad, but they ultimately settled in Bombay, and it was there that the then head of the family entertained King Edward to a splendid function in 1876. The late Sir Albert Sassoon, having been educated in England, ended by settling entirely in this country. The present Baronet—who, by the way, is the godson and namesake of His Majesty—is the owner of the huge palace in Park Lane originally built by the hapless Barney Barnato but never inhabited by him, and he and Lady Sassoon, formerly Miss Aline de Rothschild, are also blessed with a charming house at Brighton, two Indian residences, and a Scotch shooting.



MISS SASSOON, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. OSCAR RAPHAEL.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Lawson Johnston Weds Lord St. John's Daughter. A large and distinguished gathering assembled at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Melchbourne, Bedfordshire, on the 4th for the wedding of Mr. George Lawson Johnston, of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, son of the late Mr. J. Lawson Johnston (who made a colossal fortune out of "Bovril"), and the Honourable Edith Laura St. John, the fifth daughter of Lord and Lady St. John of Bletsoe, of Melchbourne Park. The wedding-day was arranged so as to fall upon Lord St. John's birthday, and this is the first of his eight daughters to be married. A special train conveyed upwards of two hundred guests from London to the wedding, which was a very pretty affair. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in white satin lace, with a train of exquisite mousseline adorned with horse-shoes of myrtle and white heather. Three smart little pages, wearing white satin Charles I. costumes, carried her train, and there were also eight bridesmaids gowned in pale-pink crêpe-de-Chine, with large white hats trimmed with trails of pink roses and lace falling to the waist. Mr. E. A. Lawson Johnston, Scots Greys, supported his brother as groomsmen, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Spencer Buller, the Rev. St. John Wayne (the bride's cousins), and the Rev. R. Davies, Vicar of the parish. Great interest was taken in the wedding by the parishioners and inhabitants of the district, where the bride and her family are well known and very popular. Lady St. John of Bletsoe afterwards welcomed the army of guests at Melchbourne Park, and early in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom departed for a short Continental honeymoon tour, prior to returning to Raynham Hall for Christmas.



MR. GEORGE LAWSON JOHNSTON, SON OF THE LATE MR. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

MARRIED LAST THURSDAY AT ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH, MELCHBOURNE.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



THE HON. EDITH ST. JOHN, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSOE.

lady, who at last got a picture to her liking of the ruler of modern Greece with the ruins of ancient Greece as a background.

Strawberries and Snow.

While the North of England has been suffering from snowstorms which gradually came nearer to us, the warm, damp weather in the South was turning the seasons upside down. At the beginning of December, wild strawberries were growing in the lanes near Torquay, and at Twickenham the suburban gardeners were picking spring vegetables.

Two January Weddings.

The first month of the New Year will be enlivened by two great matrimonial functions, the marriage of the Secretary of State for War and Miss Madeleine Stanley—the first wedding in which a Cabinet Minister figures as bridegroom since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Asquith—and that of Lord Kinnoull and Miss Mollie Darrell. There is always something peculiarly interesting about a great political wedding; all

sorts of distinguished people who, as a rule, carefully avoid such functions then make a point of being present, and for that one day, at any rate, Whig and Tory meet in amity. Mr. Brodrick is very popular in the House of Commons, and the same may almost be said of his brilliant bride-elect, who has been known to most of our leading statesmen from early childhood, for her mother, Lady Jeune, is the only great London hostess who can claim to have built up a *salon* in the old sense of the word. The marriage of Lord Kinnoull and Miss Darrell will certainly bring about a great meeting of the clans, and the new Scottish Countess is sure of a very warm welcome from her husband's people.

Queen Maria Pia. The Dowager Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, who has gone to Rome to stand godmother to the little Princess Mafalda, is a daughter of the late King Victor Emmanuel, and consequently aunt to the present King. She married Dom Luiz, King of Portugal, the father of the King Carlos who has just been visiting the King and Queen. In spite of the fact that she is a devout Roman Catholic, she is a great admirer of

everything English. In her youth she was said to have the most beautiful hair in Portugal, and, as many of the women there have hair which hangs below their knees, it was a boast of which she might be proud.

Richmond Hill.

The Richmond Hill View Committee are naturally greatly exercised over Sir Whittaker Ellis's interpretation of his undertaking that if certain property were bought which would preserve the view from Richmond Hill, his own property on the opposite side of the river should not be further built on. Sir Whittaker now says that when he made that statement he did not intend to bind those who might thereafter buy his property, which, of course, puts a very different complexion on affairs. The view from Richmond Hill is not a mere local possession, since it is enjoyed not only by those who live in or near London, but by thousands who come from all parts of the world. As it is, the beautiful view has been considerably spoiled of late years, and consequently a good deal of feeling has been aroused on the subject. Probably a legal decision on the matter will be obtained if an amicable arrangement cannot otherwise be come to.

A short time ago, the King of Greece and his son, Prince George of Crete, were walking on the Acropolis, when a young English lady asked if she might be allowed to take a snapshot of them. The King and the Prince at once posed themselves according to the directions of the young

GOPSALL HALL, WHERE THE KING IS STAYING THIS WEEK.



THE PICTURE GALLERY, GOPSALL HALL, LORD HOWE'S LEICESTERSHIRE SEAT.



THE LIBRARY, GOPSALL HALL.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

*The Premier's
London Home.*

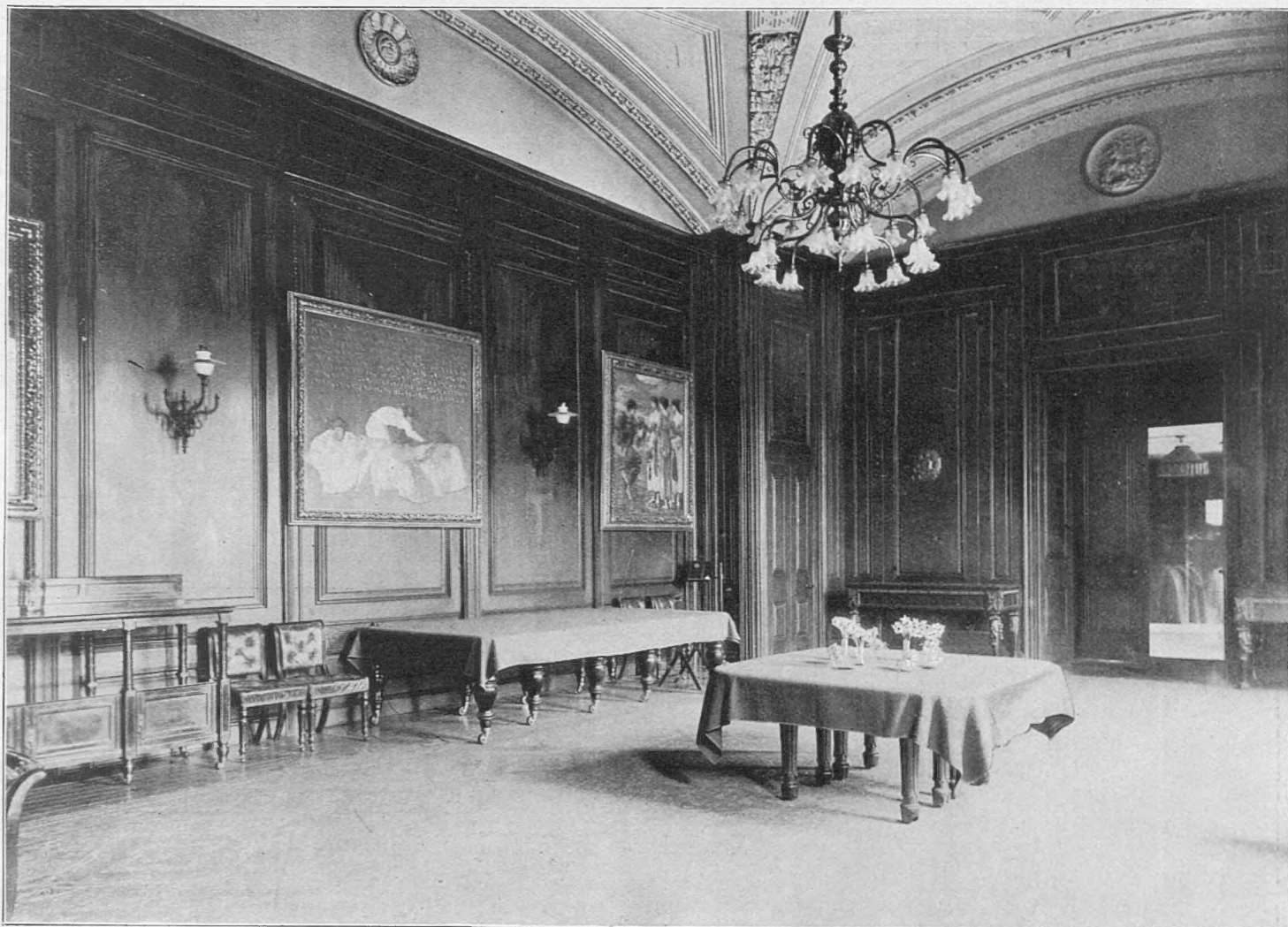
One of the things which most strike the Colonial or foreign visitor to London is the comparatively mean exterior of many of the buildings which house our great Government Departments. This reproach, however, is gradually being removed, and soon even the much-abused War Office officials will be accommodated in an edifice more worthy of the great Empire on which the sun is popularly supposed never to set. But "Downing Street" is naturally the Mecca of visitors from the Colonies and the provinces, and great is the surprise expressed when the obliging policeman points out the humble home of Great Britain's Premier. However, like so many of London's historic residences, the interest of No. 10, Downing Street, lies in its interior, where none but the privileged may penetrate, and the noble apartment known as "Pitt's Dining-room" is one of its finest features. This was built by the second of the great statesmen whose name it bears, and here ever since Lady Hester Stanhope—whose romantic after-career in Syria as a student of astronomy is so well known—kept house for her famous uncle the Ministerial dinners have been held. The table used on these occasions is the telescope one seen drawn up against the wall. On the

*Mr. Herbert
Samuel's Début.*

A new member of the House of Commons is always congratulated on his maiden speech, but the congratulations given to Mr. Herbert Samuel were less formal and were better deserved than usual. Since his election for Cleveland he has been steady in attendance, and old members have been interested in the silent, watchful young man with the sallow face and the dark hair. Mr. Samuel might have caught Disraeli's fancy. His speech on the Education Bill showed originality, though it was fluent; and as it was well phrased and gracefully delivered, it secured a good start for the new Liberal member.

Dom Carlos.

A letter from Lisbon tells me that the good folk of that most pleasant city are delighted with the news of the great social success King Carlos has achieved in England. The visit was looked upon with some mistrust at first: it was thought that the arrival of the Portuguese King would lose part of its interest because it synchronised with the visit of the Kaiser to King Edward. Now, everybody knows that King Carlos has scored a very big personal triumph; all the folk who have had the good fortune to meet him have



THE DINING-ROOM OF MR. BALFOUR'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE (NO. 10, DOWNING STREET).

walls of the room hang two of the "Perseus" series of paintings by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, now the property of Mr. Balfour.

Lords at Work.

At last the House of Lords has got some work to do. It has received the Education Bill and is discussing and criticising it with great gravity. The Peers are much less loquacious and more business-like than the Commons. As they have no constituents to please and as few of them have any political ambition, they are not tempted to make unnecessary speeches. Besides, most of them, from a Parliamentary point of view, go to sleep while the Conservatives are in power. They know then that the Constitution is safe. It is natural, therefore, that the House of Lords should show some excitement when its retirement is disturbed by the battle of the sects.

*"His Destined
Hour."*

The final debate on the Education Bill in the House of Commons was farcical. A host of members popped up to catch the Speaker's eye, but almost every man, after making his own contribution to the debate, ceased to take interest in the remainder. In the words of Omar Khayyám, Mr. Bryce complained that each "abode his destined hour and went his way." He had reason to complain, because his own colleagues lingered over dinner instead of hurrying to hear the man who had led the official opposition to the Bill. Even "C.-B." did not arrive till after Mr. Bryce's destined hour was past.

been delighted with his affability and kindness, while his achievements with gun and pistol are the topic of the day in the sporting circles of France and England. So Dom Carlos will go back to Lisbon a more popular monarch than ever, if that is possible, and his Capital will have full opportunity of testifying its loyalty, for the Lisbon season begins just now and the city is very full and very gay. The Opera in Lisbon begins in December, and on special nights the great Opera House of San Carlos presents a spectacle that cannot be beaten, though it can be matched, in London, Paris, Milan, or St. Petersburg. The Portuguese are not only devoted to opera, they are keen, unsparing critics, and the fate of a performer who is not up to their standard is a very unpleasant one.

*"Turkey—with
Sauce."*

If America really desires to establish very friendly relations with this country, she should shift her Thanksgiving Day until after Christmas. As arrangements stand now, it tends to send up the price of turkeys at a time when the Briton is within reasonable distance of requiring them. Americans give thanks in the last week of November, and always require a turkey served with cranberry sauce to assist in the ceremony. I confess I don't know why Americans give thanks or why they want the turkeys, but my ignorance does not disturb the facts. In London and Paris the American colonies make their presence felt in the poultry-market on these days, and many a bird is sacrificed before it has reached the best possible condition.

Christmas-Trees. The cult of the Christmas-tree, which was introduced into England by the Prince Consort, has by no means died out, though most of us, perhaps, think that it is not so universal as it was when the world was younger. Every year about half-a-million Christmas-trees are decorated in the United Kingdom, and, as we ourselves are unable to produce such an

Miss Louie Freear's "For God and the King" is dramatic, but one would have preferred something humorous from the pen of such a lively little lady. However, from Mrs. Langtry's "An Island Story" to "The Only Delinquent" (Miss Ellaline Terriss), the *Pelican* Christmas Number is interesting, and it is brightened by excellent photographs of the contributors. It is comforting to Mr. Boyd and to his readers that Miss Terriss promises "very faithfully indeed to be in lots of time next year."

Knightsbridge Narrows.

The block of houses on the south side of Knightsbridge, between Kinnerton Street and William Street, opposite the French Embassy, is now level with the ground, and a splendid opportunity is thus afforded of widening adequately what was one of the most dangerous necks in London. Some of the worst blocks in the West-End occur at this corner, and nothing is more annoying than to be held up in a cab when hurrying to dinner or a theatre. If the authorities insist on the houses being put well back, the relief to the traffic will be most marked, but it will be no good to play with the subject and to put the houses back feet when yards are what is required.

The Krupp Tragedy.

It is difficult to forecast the ultimate consequences of the tragedy of scandal in which Krupp's death was involved (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). There are those who profess to know that the pen-partisanship of the Emperor for the late Master of Essen—"To the Memory of my Best Friend" was the inscription borne by the Imperial wreath—has confounded the Social Democrats far less than their informers. For Krupp had many enemies. The story whispered in Berlin Society is that these enemies were influential personages in the immediate vicinity of the Throne. Krupp, in their view, was a plebeian billionaire whose friendship and influence with the Emperor must at all costs be destroyed. Accordingly, they forged their thunder-bolt and launched it through the medium of the Social Democratic *Vorwärts* with fearful effect. Krupp was killed—"murdered," said the Emperor—and the Imperial wrath was fired to an unprecedented degree. The social atmosphere is now filled with the wail of grief. It is worthy of noting that Germans one and all, saving the Social Democrats, are affirming that, even if the "Cannon King" had been guilty, it would be a patriotic duty to cleanse his name of the slur cast on it. But, pending the trial of the *Vorwärts*, they affirm that he must be considered innocent. Meanwhile, the verdict, as summed up by the publicist Narden, runs: "Stung to death by a newspaper wasp."

The German Crown Prince.

The Emperor's return from England was signalled by the publication of quite a number of protests against the conclusion of a matrimonial alliance between the German Heir and a Royal daughter of Albion. English Princesses, even after a long sojourn in Germany, fail to cast off their British predilections—such is the German assumption. Therefore, it is urged, the German Crown Prince must be united to the daughter of a German Reigning House—unless, by allying himself with a small country like Denmark, he can secure substantial advantages to the Fatherland.

Winter in Berlin.

Since the middle of November there has been continuous skating in Berlin. Snow and a bitter wind has now been added to ice. In fine, the winter bids fair to realise the prognostications of the meteorologists, who declare that it will be the hardest Europe has experienced during several decades.



Lord Rothschild.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROTHSCHILD.

enormous number of immature trees, the greater proportion are "made in Germany." Among the Germans the Christmas-tree is even more popular than with us, and in the Black Forest, where the majority of these trees are grown, there are men who do nothing else but plant and sell them. The trade is a fairly profitable one, and some growers turn out as many as fifty thousand trees a-year.

The Rothschild Staghounds.

Of the score or so packs in England which hunt the stag, one of the oldest and best is that known as Lord Rothschild's, of which his Lordship is both owner and Master, though not infrequently "Mr. Leopold" takes charge of the Hunt. The pack comprises some thirty couples of fine hounds, the kennels being situated at Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard, in the heart of a pastoral country eminently suited for the chase of the deer. Already this season the Rothschild hounds have given their followers some capital gallops across country, the sport having been much enjoyed by numerous fields. The meets are usually attended also by large numbers of the humbler lovers of sport, who, having to trust to their own legs, make use of their intimate local knowledge to such good purpose that, by the aid of judicious short-cuts, they manage invariably to be in at the finish. Indeed, it is said that even the school-children of the district are enthusiastic supporters of the Hunt—by their presence, at least—and that the school-master has perforce to put up his shutters for the day when the hounds are out. However that may be, and whatever the stag may think of the matter, the fact remains that the sport is almost as popular in the Rothschild district as are the members of that famous family themselves.

The "Pelican" Mr. Frank Boyd's Christmas Christmas Number. Number of the lively *Pelican* is, as usual, full of good things. Almost all our leading actors and actresses contribute some clever trifles either in poetry or prose. Among the best items are Mr. Fred Wright junior's "An Interview or Nightmare" and the "Unended Tale" of Mr. George Edwardes. Mr. Huntley Wright's "Bad Night" is very funny, and Mr. Seymour Hicks' "Last Cigar" is perhaps the best of the contributions in rhyme.



LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS AND THE HUNTSMAN, J. BOORE.

The Emperor's Champagne.

More than a year ago the Imperial fiat was issued against French champagnes. Whenever a foreign potentate visits the German Court he is invariably served with German brands. It is related that not long since, at a regimental dinner given in honour of the Emperor, the officers affixed German labels to Moët and Chandon bottles, but the trick was speedily discovered by His Majesty. Usually, after the meal, the Emperor drinks German beer, and it is in this liquid that he honours the majority of regimental toasts. For each toast a fresh glass of beer is set before His Majesty.

An International Musical Festival.

The German Musical Deputation which arrived in England a day or two ago has before it an ambitious programme. It is charged with the task of securing the co-operation of the supreme talent of England, Scotland, and Wales for the great Festival that is to be held in Berlin on the occasion of the unveiling of the Wagner monument. A building to hold seven thousand persons will be specially erected for the accommodation of the Festival, which will last from the 1st to the 5th of October 1903. It is intended to devote one entire day to British and American music. Before visiting London the Deputation spent several days in Paris, arranging for the participation of French musicians. I understand that the Emperor has consented to act as the Patron of the Festival.

Princess Mafalda.

The christening of Princess Mafalda will take place on Dec. 16 (writes my Rome Correspondent). One baby has already been named after the King's youngest child, the son of a peasant. The name, being a girl's name, was changed into the masculine, Mafaldo. It is believed that this is the first time the name Mafaldo has ever been used. Mafalda will, doubtless, be now the fashionable name for Italian babies.

In Aid of Sicily.

For some time past the Romans have been vying with each other in their endeavours to collect money on behalf of their distressed comrades in Sicily. Last Sunday, a very picturesque fête was held in the superb grounds of the Villa Borghese. The Piazza di Siena had been transformed for the time being into three separate equestrian circuses. Around this enormous Piazza numerous private carriages containing the *élite* of Roman Society took their stand. A little further off there jostled each other to their hearts' content drivers of gaily decked costermongers' carts, in shape and colour very analogous to those to be seen on any Derby Day, owners of private dog-carts, motor-cycles, and pedestrians. Bands played the whole time without cessation; school-children dressed in varied uniforms, differing according to the different societies to which they respectively belonged, marched past in great glee, playing as hard as they could on brass and other instruments; and the Italian Cyclists' Touring Club rode past the Grand Stand with cycles decorated in every conceivable design. Circus horses and ponies went through their tricks to perfection, to the delight of grown people and children alike, and from three o'clock till nearly five merriment prevailed on all sides. Then, however, the setting of the sun drove everyone home, and all the thousands of spectators trooped back through the broad gates leading into the Piazza del Popolo. Large sums of money were collected for the Sicilian fund.

"Donna Diana."

I am glad to be able to state that a book by the well-known English writer on Rome has just been reviewed most kindly and in really flattering terms by the Italian Press. I mean Mr. Richard Bagot's new book, "Donna Diana." The *Italie* devotes a whole column to the subject and is most lavish in its praises. The Italians here say that the book shows in every page that the writer knows and understands thoroughly Rome and Roman life. So many people come to Rome and have no opportunity of really seeing and becoming acquainted with Italian Society properly so called, and yet persist in writing on Italy and on Rome, that it is quite refreshing to find an Englishman, who is really absolutely conversant with Rome and Roman Society, able and willing to portray the same in faithful colours to his fellow countrymen. The book in question has given, it is said, very grave offence to the Black Party here;

indeed, it shows up the darker sides of the Vatican in such very straightforward language that it would be surprising had the Vatican not resented the exposure.

Thanksgiving Day in Rome.

The first big reception of the Season this year in Rome was that given by Mrs. von Lengkerk Meyer, the American Ambassadress. It was a magnificent affair, and many very interesting people were present. Amongst others were to be noticed Lord and Lady Rennell Rodd and their niece, who was certainly the prettiest girl there. Numerous Monsignori attended in their gorgeous apparel, and Dr. Oxenham and Mrs. Oxenham were also present. The rooms used by the American Ambassador as the United States reception-rooms are very spacious and very magnificent; they are a series of rooms on one of the floors of the Palazzo Brancaccio. The occasion of the reception in question was the celebration of the great American Thanksgiving Day.

A Submarine Yacht.

There are good times in store for the deep-sea fisherman. Enthusiasts like the King of Portugal and the Prince of Monaco will be able to carry on their researches under most favourable conditions if there is any truth in the statement that an enterprising millionaire has ordered a submarine pleasure-yacht. Men in search of new pleasures and endowed with a bank-balance of the proper dimensions can surely experience an absolutely new sensation when they are able to invade the realms of the fishes. For a less pretentious class than millionaires the scheme presents unbounded possibilities. I have in my mind the writers of sensational fiction, who, like the poor, are always with us, and, like the fat boy of the "Pickwick Papers," desire to make our flesh creep. What can stand in their way? Mechanical and other difficulties will not exist for them, speed will have no limits; their heroes or villains will be able to go where they will and do what they like, and for a generation or two this will be genuine novelty. Then we shall have submarine policemen regulating submarine traffic, and Admiralty orders that within the three-mile limit no submarines are to go at a pace exceeding twelve miles an hour.

Vivisection.

No layman can hope to deal with the vexed question of vivisection on other than sentimental grounds. Unless a man is a scientific investigator of disease, the practice of vivisection must be objectionable, but it is not the less interesting to hear a notable exponent of the work defend himself and his colleagues. I heard Dr. Oscar Marmorsk, the brilliant head of the Pasteur Institute, speak up very plainly a few evenings ago. "Anti-vivisectionists," he said, "stand in the way of progress, and, if human life is to be regarded as having more importance than the life of the lower animals, their outcry is ridiculous. People hunt the fox, the stag, and the boar; they shoot game where and when they can, leaving no small proportion to die a lingering death, for no useful purpose; but vivisection sends them into hysterics. I will believe in the party that is opposed to vivisection when I find among it people who, having been bitten by a mad dog, refuse to come to the Pasteur Institute for treatment, on the ground that our discoveries have been made by vivisection. I have yet to find the anti-vivisectionist who refuses to take advantage of the important discoveries vivisection has brought about."

Amenities of the "Tube."

Does a Briton lose any of his natural rights and liberties when he indulges in two-pennyworth of travel by the "Tube"? The question forces itself upon me by reason of the extraordinary endurance of the Briton aforesaid when he uses the Central London Railway. Once in the "Tube" you can do as you please with him if you wear the Company's livery. He may be bidden to "Urry up" and "Make 'aste" because the guard doesn't wish to give him time to come in or get out of a train. He may be packed in the carriages as though he were a herring in a barrel or a sardine in a tin, but for his ultimate degradation he must be seen in the lifts. "Git down the centre there! Pass along! Git up to the end! Make more room!"—these and other orders, often unaccompanied by as much as a conventional "if you please," mark the lift-man's progress in the work of overcrowding.



MR. BRANDON THOMAS AS POPE PIUS X IN "THE ETERNAL CITY," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The King on the Littoral.

It is believed that King Edward will visit Nice (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Let us hope so, for the good folk down there are not the crack-brained Chauvinists of Paris, and they ask only for universal happiness and gaiety. If, a little bird whispers to me, the King does go, Nice will give His Majesty such a gorgeous night reception as the Continent has rarely witnessed. The railway companies will be asked to double the service from England to the South. Mad, merry gaiety will pervade all day, but at nightfall the harbour and the town will be one huge, organised, artistic blaze. Therefore welcome to the most popular Monarch on earth. Sundry papers are suggesting the difficulties of the meeting of the King and M. Loubet. I saw the late Queen meet M. Faure at Noisy-le-Sec, a suburban station some few miles out of Paris on the main line. M. Faure visited the Queen with his staff in her private car, and she, being too old to walk, acknowledged the honour by sending the chiefs of her Household staff in her name. In the present case, M. Loubet and the King would meet on the platform fraternally, and there the matter would end.

The Gambling "Sandwich."

I remember that during the Exhibition I was puzzled as to what manner of word "Sandwich" was. It was exhibited everywhere—over strange Egyptian resting-places, over Turkish palaces that were pervaded by the echoes of sensuous music for stranger dances; but always and everywhere, in all climes and latitudes, as represented by bungalow or châtelet, that word defied the breeze. I turned it up in an Encyclopædia and found that it was derived from the second Earl of Sandwich, who so detested to be disturbed at gaming that he ordered "finely cut morsels of meat between bread." All Paris is talking of two wealthy Americans who sat down to baccarat at a famous Club and played without a break for twenty-six hours. Dinner, supper, breakfast, lunch were served on adjacent tables, and the gamesters never budged, but sandwiches with champagne or tea were regularly taken. When they got up they were as fresh as when they started, and their only regret was that they had neither won nor lost any sum worthy of the strain.

I hear from the highest source that the law against the congregations will be applied to the English and American Passionist Fathers in the Avenue Hoche. The good they have done has been enormous, thanks to the liberality of Mrs. William Mackay, the Comtesse Boni de Castellane, and scores of the wealthiest among the English and American residents. Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador, and Mr. Horace Porter, the Ambassador of the United States, are laying very strong views before M. Combes, but it is only slightly possible that he will give in. This means Christmas puddings by the hundred the less for the poor English-speaking colony; for the order never stood on Catholic or Protestant when their larder was well garnished and they could throw a little joy into the less happy lives. Meanwhile, the Grande Chartreuse are leaving for Spain in all their pomp and splendour. The confiscation of their monastery

left an enormous rent-roll for the State and their duties for the famous liqueur amounted to over a million francs a year.

Holidays and Holidays.

M. Claretie will have once more to face trouble with his Sociétaires at the Comédie-Française. Each one has a right to so much holiday, and in the old days it was taken in bulk. Latterly, this system has dropped into disuse, and Le Bargy and Madame Bartet went off to Spain with "L'Enigme" and "Le Marquis de Priola" in full success. So far as their tour was concerned, it was a big success personally, but the Maison Molière lost over forty thousand francs. To give actors and actresses the right to take their holiday tours as it pleases them seems worthy of looking into.

It is hardly worth bothering about the plot of "Le Joug"—you have Réjane with you all the time, and the most exquisite little Réjane you ever saw. She is only eighteen years of age, by the way, and what life she throws into this pleasant interpretation! Courtial has arrived at the period of life when he notices that there are twinges in his muscles when he gets up in the morning. He decides on drastic reforms and dismisses

without pity old flames. Juliette (Réjane) he selects to watch over his household. He is peremptory and she docile. When he has trained her to the desired point, he suggests an equivocal existence. She indignantly refuses and becomes his lawful wife. And then the stars twinkle. Her life before she took to "service" was of a general character, and that poor, unfortunate man sees every cut and insult returned red-hot. Old and little-to-be-desired female friends have the run of the house at her invitation, and its unhappy owner becomes a mere unclassified number. It is not a Réjane play, but you have a new Réjane.

Artistic Signs. The first prize in the competition for artistic signs goes to A. Willette for his "Chat Noir," which is a cat that Louis Wain would admire but hesitate about. As I have already mentioned, the idea of reviving street-signs is out of the question, but the Show will give an enormous impetus to the artistic menu-card. A collection of menu-cards was at one time something to be prized, but the cheap photographic rival crowded it out.

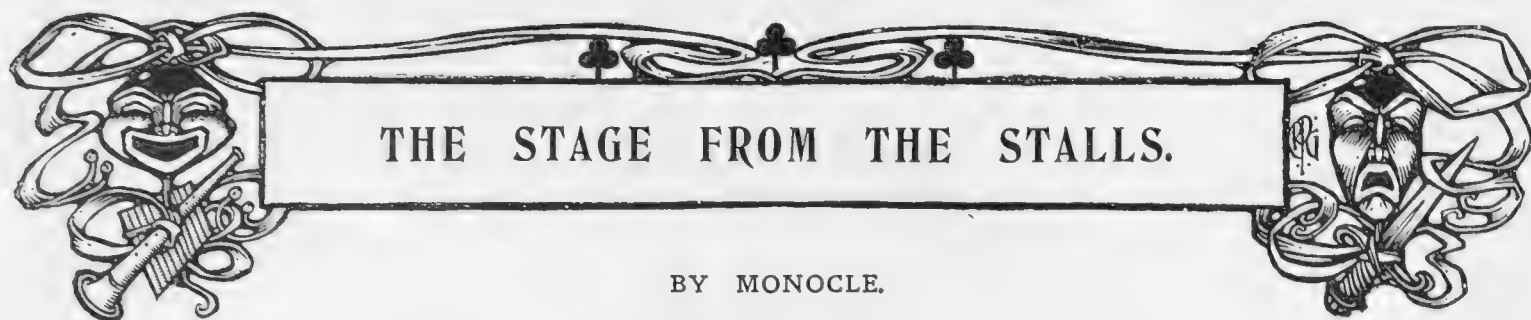
Have you heard of the Pen and Pencil Club? It is a very interesting experiment started recently in London. The members

meet about once a fortnight to dine, and when dinner is over the Chairman of the evening gives out a subject. For some quarter of an hour there is a silence broken only by pens and pencils as the members proceed to deal with the task before them. A man must write about the subject, draw it, or act it, under penalties of a terrible description. The gathering is a very Bohemian one, composed, for the most part, of artists and writers, so the task seldom presents any difficulties. When the work is over, every man reads his writing, exhibits his drawing, or acts his part, and the rest of the evening is given up to a sing-song. The Club is founded upon a Paris model, and seems likely to succeed, as it has a considerable membership already. Some of the work submitted by members to members is really very good and deserves to be placed on record.



THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DREAM.

Drawn by Dudley Hardy.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE UNFORESEEN," "IM BUNTEN ROCK," AND "THE FLY ON THE WHEEL."

FOR a while it seemed as if the unforeseen, if not un hoped for, were going to happen, and that Mr. Marshall had written a play of fine quality; soon, alas, hope faded, and it was obvious that, after the first Act, we were back again in the realms of theatricality. It is not very wicked, perhaps, to write pot-boilers; but it seems a duty on account of those who write for fame rather than farthings, and even those who write for both, to point out how far, judging from implicit evidence, a work is or not a pot-boiler. There are writers who wilfully "pot boil" for a while, and intending when fortune is made to write works for their own pleasure, to make sacrifices for art; unfortunately, nowadays people want to make such gigantic pots boil that they spend nearly the whole of a successful career in the effort, and when the time comes for the great attempt to win fame—and deserve it—the means are gone, and, like one whom I know and durst not name, they sit in palaces eagerly striving to do true work, scornfully refusing to accept commissions for pot-boilers, but finding that it is too late, that their old impulses and enthusiasms refuse to return, and that there is, or seems to be, the mark of insincerity and trickery on all their endeavours. The one I speak of has been silent for years, and yet has never worked harder than during the time when his next work has been in abeyance. Of course, the suggestion concerning Mr. Marshall may be quite wrong. The indications in "The Broad Way" and the first Act of "The Unforeseen" of a power to write real human comedy may be delusive, and the author, perhaps, thinks that his puppets, rich in jokelets, and his mechanically contrived situations, in the working of which the "strings," to use the French phrase, are painfully obvious, constitute true drama. There are plays by Sardou and passages in Scribe which promise great things. Nevertheless, both have reputations as of theatrical conjurers rather than great dramatists; but it is probable that, after a while, they came to look upon their method as true and to laugh at those who labour sincerely.

In "The Unforeseen," Mr. Marshall appears peculiarly unscientific as a playwright, both in serious and comic scenes. Take, as instance of the latter, the pompous old Fielding and the rich old maid. Fielding has been losing money heavily in speculation and resolves to go in for a gilt-edged security—the rich old maid—and he is successful in his proposal to her. Why does he not yield to her earnest desire to have the engagement announced, and thereby make his position very secure? Simply because the author wants some comic scenes, in which the man rebuffs the lady's efforts at endearments on the ground that they might disclose the secret—a mere *secret de Polichinelle*, as they both know. The author does not even take the trouble to invent a plausible reason for the secrecy in this comic business, which is as puerile as the humblest efforts at comic relief in a Princess's melodrama. Take an instance from the serious scenes. The blind husband has suddenly recovered his sight and sees with rapture for the first time his beautiful wife; a minute or two later, he recognises her as a woman who had passed herself off as wife of a man who killed himself in a Paris hotel. Shocked and staggered by this amazing discovery, he asks whether she was the man's wife. No. What was she? The human woman who loved her husband and felt ashamed of having concealed from him an ugly but innocent episode in her life—and these were the facts—would have explained and she could have proved her innocence. This, however, would have interfered with the author's *coup de théâtre* in the production of a letter, so the loving wife moans and weeps, and refuses to explain because his question shows that he doubts her, and says she will leave him and never come back because he is so indelicately inquisitive—my words, indeed, but the author's sentiments. All this is the ordinary *truc* of the melodramatist thoughtful of nothing but his situation and the pure theatrical effect, and recklessly thoughtless of truth.

The result is rather curious: the audience is most taken by the inessential scenes of the work. The first Act, which contains a long, powerful scene in which character is finely displayed, was received with less favour than the second, most of which consisted of comic relief concerning the concealed engagement and some drolleries about young Fielding, a curious creature who behaves and speaks like a boy and looks, or, at least, looked on the first-night, as old as the rich old maid. She, I hasten to add, seemed to pose as ancient spinster ere the arrival of thirty years. It may be noted that, despite his ingenuity and gift for writing comic—comic rather than witty—dialogue, Mr. Marshall has failed to make the suggestion that a catastrophe is approaching. This, perhaps, is fortunate; a little

greater skill in impressing the idea that the storm and stress were coming might have made the audience somewhat impatient with the irrelevant humours, which, as the case is, caused a huge amount of laughter. Indeed, success is certain and the play will be very popular.

Much praise may be given to the acting. Miss Evelyn Millard played the strong passages admirably, and acted agreeably in the rest, though I think she lied somewhat too easily and glibly: the answer is, no doubt, that she was well prepared with her falsehoods. It is a curious fact that the author, having caused Haynes' name to be changed to Drummond, apparently in order to give a scene of surprise and terror, seems to have changed his mind, for she met the soldier as if expecting him. Mr. Cyril Maude showed much discretion in playing the part of the blind parson, and in his one important scene acted very powerfully, without violence. Miss Dorothea Baird played prettily the *ingénue* character of Beatrice. Mr. C. M. Hallard, the lover in the first Act, had a hard task and accomplished it very ably; indeed, I think there was no better work in the performance. Mr. Eric Lewis was ingenious and amusing, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth was favourably received.

The German Theatre continues to flourish, and the lively comedy "Im Buntten Rock" was received with roars of laughter by a crowded house. Certainly both play and playing deserve success, and it is agreeable to say that a young English actress, Miss Margaret Halstan, was the central figure, and deserved her position. For her acting as the rich young American widow is very clever and charming. It seems foolish to groan about the lack of actresses when young ladies of such skill and charm are compelled, as a rule—for I suppose the compulsion may be presumed without presumption—to play minor parts. The rest of the Company is excellent, and the story of the siege of the widow by the Prussian Army furnishes a charming entertainment.

Really "The Fly on the Wheel" must have been even more amusing than it seemed at the time; for some of us were in a very bad temper when the curtain rose. It was too cruel to hasten to the suburbs, arrive punctually, and then have a military band—which might have been charming in the open air, where one could have got out of ear-shot—turned on for half-an-hour to play such things as "A che la morte," and "The Last Summer's Rose"—so I saw it once described on a foreign programme. But worse remained, since, ere the play began, the theatre's own band gave a concert, doubtless to enable us to make comparisons; a plague o' both their bands! Fifty minutes late, from my point of view, did the play begin, and it began badly with a scene "off," followed by some rather foolish farcicalities, with, however, some clever lines. Then came an admirable scene between Cresswell, the industrious, earnest official, and Lady Eleanor, a pretty widow who had resolved to capture him. The piece really consisted of two long scenes and a short one between these two, scenes written with grace and humour, scenes which displayed character and exhibited wit. One watched the growth of love in the strong but not invincible man, and saw how even love did not sap his strength, for he was masterful even as lover; and one saw, too, the huntress snared, the pretty Lady Eleanor carried away by the passion she had created, yet battling coquettishly ere complete surrender. If the play had been throughout of the standard of these scenes, my cap would have been thrown in the air; but, whilst there was merit throughout, the other scenes were of poorer marble. Farce, indeed, was the staple, and clever farce, too, most of it; but the art of Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Murray Carson had been insufficient for the difficult task of blending. Comedy with a note of Mario-andage and a touch of passion does not work smoothly with farce which reminds one of the humour of "G. B. S." In saying this I am mindful of the fact that even a suggestion of imitation would be unjust, for the work is new and original, unlike nine out of ten of those that make the proud claim. It would be unkind to say that, as it stands, "The Fly on the Wheel" would suit our stage. Indeed, there is some real defect in construction which causes it to drag at times and induces less laughter than pieces far poorer in materials, yet I should like to see it again and with Mr. Carson in the cast, for he acted admirably as Cresswell and would be even better on a second attempt; and Miss Esmé Beringer, who played charmingly and could hardly be better in the part of Lady Eleanor, whose humour and coquettishness she displayed admirably; and Miss Winifred Arthur-Jones, who acted prettily; and Mr. Cecil Ramsey, who was very funny as the irascible, chivalrous old Commissioner.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XX.—WADDES DON MANOR.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to the splendid estate which enshrines by far the most remarkable of the many properties owned by the Rothschild family in leafy Buckinghamshire. Waddesdon Park, or Manor, as it seems to be indifferently styled, is now the property of Miss Alice de Rothschild, but it was the

creation of her late brother, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, one of the kindest and most brilliant members of his famous family and a man to whom his adopted country owes much.

The most notable fact about Waddesdon is its antiquity as a manorial estate and its newness as a dwelling-place. Though many well-known people, including an English Queen-Consort and successive Dukes of Marlborough, owned the land, not one of them seems to have realised how ideal a building-site was lying fallow, and when Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild planned his country-house, great was the surprise expressed by those who yet had known



MARBLE PULPIT PRESENTED TO THE PARISH CHURCH BY THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

all their lives the wonderful views obtainable from the glorious plateau of Lodge Hill—whence Waddesdon now commands the surrounding country—and especially the Vale of Aylesbury, whose manifold beauties first caused the late Baron to form the project of buying Waddesdon Manor from the trustees of the Dukedom of Marlborough.

The great mansion recalls no English country-house or castle. Indeed, in every detail it is strongly reminiscent of the marvellous châteaux which at a certain moment in the Renaissance era sprang up, as though by enchantment, all over *la belle France*, and more especially on the banks of the Loire. The Baron was himself familiar with the historic French castles of his favourite epoch, and Waddesdon is a lasting monument to his originality and love of fifteenth-century French architecture.

It need hardly be said that this magnificent style of building demands a very special type of gardens and park. Formality is the key-note, and the broad terraces, stately flower-parterres, statuary, and fountains recall the famous Gardens of Versailles, while where broad, treeless fields might be galloped through but a few years ago are now groves of ancient forest-trees. How this apparent miracle was achieved is one of the most remarkable things in the history of Waddesdon. When Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild made up his mind to plant his new home about with trees, the transplanting of huge full-grown oaks, beeches, and chestnuts was thought to be an absolute impossibility. There is, however, no such word as "impossible" in the Rothschild vocabulary, and, with the help and advice of a famous landscape-gardener, the apparently unattainable was attained. Of course, *carte blanche* as to expense was given, and everything that could be provided by human foresight was done to make the scheme of transplanting full-grown trees a success. The procedure followed was, on the whole, simple. Good, strong oaks, maples, chestnuts, and sycamores were, in the majority of cases, chosen. Special machinery was brought into play in order that each tree should be raised from the ground with roots still firmly imbedded in protecting soil. This portion of the task proved comparatively easy; not so the question of transport. Now, doubtless, the difficulty would be solved with the help of powerful motors, but in those days road-engines were strictly forbidden, and accordingly strong Normandy dray-horses were

imported from France, and, placed on especially strong waggons provided with wheels of extraordinary resistant power, the huge trees were taken at great speed across country till each waggon drew up by the large pits prepared to receive the earth-bound roots so lately taken from the ground. As was but natural, certain trees, notably the chestnuts, bore this transplantation far better than others. Oaks seem the most steadfast home-lovers, for of the oaks so taken to Waddesdon twenty-five per cent. did not survive the daring experiment. The general result, however, proved extremely satisfactory, and now the trees of Waddesdon are as famed as are the beautiful gardens.

The interior of the house is not only a marvel of luxury and intelligent comfort, but is full of works of art collected by the late Baron, whose chief artistic hobby was the bringing together all that appertained to the eighteenth century. The French furniture of that period is becoming every day more difficult to acquire, but Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild began collecting specimens in early youth, and he was always on the look-out for really fine specimens. Scarce a room in the house but was enriched by a priceless piece of tapestry or by some exquisite painting, and the oak panelling had much of it been brought from France and Flanders. The Baron not only delighted in showing his treasures to the friends who were entertained so frequently and lavishly at Waddesdon, he was most kind to those strangers who, taking an interest in art, asked permission to visit his unrivalled collections.

Waddesdon was the scene of many brilliant and, indeed, historic gatherings. Twelve years ago, Queen Victoria made there a memorable visit, and King Edward was the late Baron's frequent guest; indeed, it was while staying at Waddesdon that His Majesty slipped and injured his knee-cap some four years ago. During her brother's lifetime, Miss Alice de Rothschild often acted as hostess to his guests, this being, of course, specially the case when ladies were included in a house-party, and since his premature death she has been sole *châtelaine* of Waddesdon, interesting herself as keenly as did her much-loved brother in all that concerns the neighbourhood. All Baron de Rothschild did for his neighbours is gratefully remembered. Waddesdon is, indeed, a model village, composed of charming cottages, pretty without and healthily comfortable within. Miss de Rothschild knows every man, woman, and child in the place, and her munificence, as was the case with her brother, extends to Aylesbury, which owes the Victoria Club and its fine Public Baths to the late Baron's thoughtful, intelligent kindness.

Miss Alice de Rothschild has as yet entertained only very intimate friends in Buckinghamshire. She is devoted to Waddesdon, and occupies herself when there very actively with her beautiful Home Farm and her many four-footed friends therein. Curiously enough, the Dukes of Marlborough have retained a keen interest in Waddesdon Village, and the present incumbent of the parish was for many years domestic Chaplain to a former Duke of Marlborough. Since he accepted the living, Dr. Yule has made many improvements in the church, of which the tower was rebuilt by the late Baron de Rothschild at a cost of £4000. The pulpit in the church was presented by the grandfather of the present Duke of Marlborough, and is a very fine work of art, being composed of thousands of pieces of marble inlaid by leading Italian artists.



THE ROTHSCHILD MODEL FARM AT WADDES DON MANOR.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



THE GRAND ENTRANCE-GATES OF WADDESDON MANOR, BUCKS.



WADDESDON RECTORY AND VILLAGE

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL.

UNLIKE those who contribute to the world's amusement through the medium of the worthy Messrs. Mudie or the eminently respectable Burlington House, the modern dramatist, with but very few exceptions, is more or less compelled to exhibit his form, be it portly or meagre, angular or rotund, at least once a year to the critical gaze of a first-night audience. The public has, therefore, some conception of the appearance of those who provide its puppets with speech and its scene-painters with themes for their generous brushes, though I would fain be the last to admit that a dramatist's appearance at the end of the first production of his play shows him in any normal light. He is, as a rule, a sad and sorry spectacle, of pale-yellow hue, of trembling limbs, of lack-lustre eye—an object so pitiable as to almost compel encouragement from an audience, however bored. The cat with the tin-decorated tail is not "in the same street."

But there are, as we know, dramatists and dramatists—the arrived and the possibly still to come, and it is of the latter that I spoke just now. Your playwright *arrivé* exhibits

none of the symptoms of *mal-de-promesse*. He lounges on the stage with an ease that almost suggests languor, takes a puppet in either hand and inclines himself courteously before the audience for whom he has chosen to write. You see, you can count the dramatists who have come on the fingers of one hand, and we know the infinite power of trusts.

A leading position in the Great English Dramatic Trust is held by Captain Robert Marshall. He is the dramatist who has very much arrived, and has arrived, so to speak, with a rush. For him there has been, comparatively speaking, no toilsome journey up the ladder of fame; indeed, I doubt not that this soldier-playwright is the most surprised of all at the comparative ease with which he crossed the greasy pole and grabbed the mutton. For years he believed that the sword was mightier than the pen, but the sword disagreed with him, and he woke up one day to find the pen far mightier—or, at any rate, far more lucrative—than the weapon the doctors had forced him to sheathe. Moreover, he discovered that pen-promotion came with far greater rapidity than that accorded by His Majesty's War Office. You see, ability really has something to do with successful dramatic authorship, though I know one or two who refuse to believe it. But, then, they are in the rotten-egg period, and, alas, look like remaining there.

There is nothing of the author about Captain Robert Marshall save the products of his pen. He looks just what the three words that compose his title and name would lead you to expect. Indeed, were he a character in a book, instead of a very human being, he would serve as a perfect model for the illustrator. He is the Captain to the life—strongly built, well-moustached, languid, a trifle drawly, and very nicely groomed. There is nothing inkly about him at all, and I can't imagine him at work. Indeed, were it not for the fact that his conversation rises many points above that of the ordinary *bon militaire*, I should be inclined to disbelieve in his authorship.

When you meet him at first he does not talk about his plays. He will prattle to you of the Row, the latest scandal, the newest fashion. He lives, indeed, in two worlds—the artistic and the fashionable. The first he regards as a business, the second as a recreation. He is more at home at the Travellers' or the "Rag" than at the Garrick or the Beefsteak; but he sups at either one of the latter more than once a week and generally leads the conversation, for he is popular. He respects his own opinion more than yours, especially as regards his plays; but if you have anything to say worth listening to, he will listen. If you haven't, he will regard you with a tolerant smile that is distinctly disconcerting, and he may prick you with an epigram that will remind you of his profession.

Some people think his manner affected; but if he likes you and you are not his friend in an hour, it is more his misfortune than his fault. For he is shy, though he would far rather I did not say so; and, being very British, he wraps himself in a cloak of manner that is the reverse of magnetic. All the same, as I have said, he is popular with those who really know him. A kind and truly generous friend, he has helped more than one lame dog over the stile of life; and all his cynicism and sarcasm cannot prevent his being a real good fellow. At the same time, does he dislike a man, he will show it; and his tongue can be as sharp as his dialogue when he chooses, and he is fond of sharpening his wit. What is more, as his witticisms are nearly always good, they stick—a fact which accounts for his enemies, and he has more than one.

Captain Marshall is a very fortunate man with one great drawback—he is anything but strong, and ill-health drives him of a winter to lands where the sun shines warm. He is a great favourite at Cannes, and as well known on the terrace at Monte Carlo as Lord Rosslyn. Thanks to genial climates, he is getting stronger every year. When in London, he lives in a delightful flat on Hay Hill, for he loves the good things of this world, and has them.

One of his best friends is the Manager with whom he has shared so much success—Mr. Cyril Maude. Though men of very different temperaments, they understand each other. In Captain Marshall Mr. Maude has found a dramatist to write plays to suit him, and in Mr. Maude the gallant author has discovered an actor who knows how to play them. They are, you see, both gentlemen first and other things afterwards, and they form a most pleasant and lucrative combination.

They are, indeed, about as much unlike the popular idea of actor and author that you could well imagine. But while many call the one "Squirrel," I doubt if any call the other "Bob."

You might as well call Lord Salisbury "Bobbie."

TWO NEW BOOKS.

"CHILDREN OF THE FROST."

By JACK LONDON.
(Macmillan, 6s.)

After reading the hysterical fiction of the day, Jack London's collection of stories comes as an admirable counterblast, and the perusal of these spirited tales of the North is like encountering a breath of fresh air from those Arctic plains of which he writes. Some of the stories have the true ring of the old Saga—in particular, "The Death of Ligon"—but in "Li-Wan the Fair" (Li-wan the half-caste, who felt a yearning for her father's folk) the author writes in a more modern strain. As is the case with all places in which rapid fortunes have been made, Klondyke has a special interest of its own, and Jack London is, I believe, the first to treat of the original people in that district who were swept away by the eager crowd of money-seekers. Intensely vivid are his descriptions of those little-known Eskimo tribes bound by the cruel laws of Nature even as the birds and beasts are bound. In "The Law of Life," Koshooosh the most aged, deserted by his tribe, sits beside the dying fire—a solitary figure in the snowy plain—in the centre of a circle of waiting wolves. It is a cruel enough picture, and yet in "The League of the Old Men" the author takes up the other side, and in the "epic of a bronze patriot," as he himself styles old Imber's indictment of the white men and the evils they brought with them, argues the case so cleverly that one is tempted to sudden sympathy with the rugged, virile people, knowing naught of the greed of gold, who were destined to become mere traders or servants and to be taught the vices of modern civilisation.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN LONDON."

By MRS. E. T. COOK.
(Macmillan, 6s.)

The publishers of the admirable "Highways and Byways" series would have forfeited somewhat of their reputation for acumen had they entrusted their volume on London to any other hand than that of Mrs. E. T. Cook, whose little red book, published some years ago, placed her among the foremost authorities on the history and antiquities of the capital. It is not, however, so much from a historical or archaeological standpoint that the present work should be judged, for even the moderately expert in London lore will be able to put his hands on the "useful information" of Mrs. Cook's new work, and may even cruelly remark that Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace Yard and not on Tower Hill, as here stated. It is the personal element that charms us most in this new view of London, as seen by a woman of acute observation, considerable humour, and complete understanding of London and Londoners. Rambling it may be, but the subject almost compels digression, and here, as in many another work, the digressions are the most fascinating. In Mrs. Cook's pleasant company we revisit the river, the City, St. Paul's, the Tower, Southwark, the Inns of Court, the East and West, Westminster, Kensington, and Chelsea, the shops and markets, and, under expert guidance, the Galleries, Museums, and collections. The essays on theatrical and foreign London, on Bloomsbury, on the Ways of Londoners, give permanent form to a great deal that is widely felt and understood, but until now has never been quite so sharply or brilliantly crystallised. The writer has very happily given to her work a turn distinctly modern, and has, as it were, read her London in the light of more recent literature. It certainly heightens the effect of the ancient stock quotations, which we cannot well dispense with, to find them relieved by apposite extracts from Christina Rossetti, who is introduced with fine imaginative effect in connection with a Bloomsbury sunset. And for the quotation in full of Matthew Arnold's sonnet on the Spitalfields preacher we owe Mrs. Cook much thanks. Everywhere, indeed, her exquisite sympathy with the toiling poor and their children strikes a chord that Dickens would have postulated for such an account of London, but there is here a restraint to which Dickens never attained. It was inevitable, too, the author being who she is, that much of this new survey of London should be informed by the spirit of Ruskin, and the final appeal to some teacher to arise and reveal to us the true significance of the stones of London is one that should find a ready response. So admirable a beginning, indeed, does Mrs. Cook make with this very task in her concluding chapter that she and no other should carry it to completion.

THE NAUTICAL DRAMA.

A POSTHUMOUS PAPER BY THE LATE WILLIAM TERRISS.

How I came into possession of this interesting paper is soon told. In the winter of 1895, poor William Terriss was frequently in Bath, staying at the house of my father, W. Clark Russell, and endeavouring to persuade him to write a nautical drama. Terriss, who had been to sea himself, wanted a sea play written by a sailor, so as to blend into all the features of modern drama a representation of Merchant Jack as he really is. One evening, he and I were sitting alone in the dining-room. We had been chatting over the absurdities of the stage sailor. I had some writing to do that night, and had to break away from Terriss. He sat smoking thoughtfully and watching me, then suddenly burst out: "Come," says he, "I will write too. I will give you my views of the nautical drama as it ought to be." This is just how the following paper was written and how it comes to be still in my possession. I have deemed the present time, when the traditional glories of the Adelphi are being rejuvenated by the advent of a new nautical drama, a very opportune occasion to present this reminiscent screed by an actor who will always loom great in the best traditions of the English stage—HERBERT RUSSELL.]

I FIND I have not set myself a very easy task, after all, by sitting down to recite on paper the views I may hold as to the state of the Naval drama at the present day and my experience as to the degree of sympathy with which a British audience views a play founded upon nautical episodes.

The theory of cause and effect, to my mind, is never more strikingly illustrated in the theatrical world than by the exhibition of the various emotions which can be brought into play by a good actor performing in this class of drama. For there can be no doubt, and I write this statement out of the experience of very many years, that a nautical play in whatever shape, be it strong drama, comic opera, or broad farce, is certain in the effect of its appeal to the public of this insular country.

Call your hero "Jack Tar," and the whole sentiment of the audience is immediately with him. In my opinion, the reason why the nautical drama invariably "goes down" well in an English theatre is owing to the inherent popularity of the sailor. There exists a national regard for the Bluejacket. If he chances to be detected rolling down a street under a full head of sail, and is suddenly taken aback by the long arm of the law, popular sympathy goes strongly in his favour. And can we believe that a genuine sailor was ever a radically bad man? Does not my friend, Clark Russell, in more than one of his truthful ocean romances, show us Jack as he really exists: the incarnation, so to speak, of the spirit of the great and glorious deep; a creature, however rough and uncouth, whose nature cannot but be influenced and moulded by the sense of freedom, the hoarse winds, the dangers, and the romance of his calling?

There can be no doubt that what I would call a good, sound drama founded upon the sea, and vitalised by the one touch of Nature which makes the world akin, ever has drawn and ever will draw crowded audiences, and cause the hearts of the multitude to pulsate quicker, and more in unison with the actor's, than any other class of dramatic presentation. I say this as one who has gauged the sentiments of the playgoing public long enough to be sensible of their various emotions. It is a grave question, to my mind, whether in this age of theatre-going the immense moral influence of the stage is sufficiently realised. How far, indeed, may not the drama be capable of moulding the tastes and directing the idiosyncrasies of those throngs who, night after night, flock to witness it? The actor's appeal to the passions is of the

deepest, most emotional character. Again and again we hear of men, hurried away by their feelings, springing on the stage to arrest the villain of the play in some deed of atrocity. An impression which produces such a spontaneous expression of its effect cannot be without its lasting influence.

I am fortunate amongst my *confrères* in being almost the only representative of the British Naval drama of to-day. We have made great strides in the theatrical interpretation of the sailor's character since the days of the late T. P. Cooke. His Jacks were a mere travesty: rollicking, bombastical, devil-may-care creations, as little like the reality as the belted Will Watch of fiction was like the genuine smuggler. Yet they went down with the public of this maritime nation. A fellow in flowing breeches, with a tarpaulin hat stuck well on the back of his head, had only to lurch noisily out of the wings, with a great deal of "yeo-hoing" and "heave-hoing," and break into

an irresponsible kind of shuffle to the strains of the hornpipe, to be received with salvos of applause. The sailor of T. P. Cooke, I am glad to believe, is dead upon the stage. For my own part, I have always had a higher theory of the portrayal of the sailor's character than that of mere burlesque. As David Kingsley, in "The Harbour Lights," I endeavoured to illustrate my notion of a typical Naval officer. I tried to break away from the traditions which probably originated with the caricatures of Smollett and Fielding, and were in some degree perpetuated by Marryat, and I am proud to believe that my efforts have resulted in a distinct advance in the revolution of the Naval drama. I made so bold as to discard the typical stage sailor—the boisterous creature who, with a quid in his mouth and an oath upon his tongue, would threaten the virtuous heroine of the piece with a hoarsely uttered "Ha! ha! Once on board the lugger," &c. Such a character can never appeal to the hearts of an audience. He was not true to nature, and was accepted rather as a low comedian than as a faithful actor, earnest in his part.

But the nautical drama which shall revolutionise the play in its relation to the life of the sea has yet to be written. When once it has been performed, the plaudits of the audience will prove the death-knell of the still lingering traditions of the stage sailor. I believe the

public is actually thirsting for a nautical drama that shall present Jack to them as he actually is. Only a sailor could write the play, and only a sailor could act it. Still, we are progressing. "The Harbour Lights" gave the sailor more faithfully than ever he has been given before. And what was the result? The play ran for upwards of two years. But when the change really comes, it will come all at once. The coup will be effected at a stroke.

It has been said of David Garrick that from the first moment of his bounding on to the stage the drama was completely revolutionised. So will it prove with the nautical play. Great reforms are nearly always sudden; and, if the opinion of one who has been for three-and-twenty years upon the London boards counts for anything, the age is now ripe for the production of the nautical drama which shall achieve the transformation. More than this: my own belief is that we shall shortly witness it.

WILLIAM TERRISS.



WILLIAM TERRISS.

FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS.

III.—THE WINDSOR STROLLERS.

NEXT in age and dignity to the Old Stagers amongst the Amateur Dramatic Clubs of England comes that of the Windsor Strollers, though its forty years of existence seem but puny in comparison with the sixty-odd years of life of the older Club. The two Clubs have always been on the most friendly terms, and it is rare that any "O.S." who may be found playing at Canterbury in August and wearing the I Zingari colours does not write "W.S." after his name and don the green and crimson ribbon at Windsor at the end of November. The Old Stagers never, or hardly ever, perform as a body away from Canterbury, but the Windsor Strollers do not hold to the like tradition.

Some performances given by the Guards at Windsor led to the formation of the Windsor Strollers' Club in 1860, and of the original fourteen members all were soldiers with the exception of Palgrave Simpson, Thomas Knox Holmes, Charles Stephenson, and Albert Ricardo; but, though Guardsmen figured very prominently in the

Mrs. Charles Crutchley, who is to-day the leading lady of the troupe, has played many parts, and all admirably.

Amongst the men, I will mention only the giants of past days: Captain Gooch, whose Colonel Lukyn in "The Magistrate" was a wonderful performance for an amateur; Quentin Twiss; Samuel Brandram, the reciter; and Charles Colnaghi. The Strollers of to-day, like their friends the Old Stagers, recognise no stars in their midst, and you may find Alan Mackinnon playing the distressed hero in melodrama one year, with the limelight upon him all the evening, and a tiny part such as the first bootmaker in "A Pair of Spectacles" the next; Mr. Charles Drummond, the President, as often as not aspires no higher than a butler's part, and Captain Liddell may be the wicked Baron in "The Red Lamp" one year, and "Charles, his Friend," in farce, the next.

The Strollers have always encouraged budding talent amongst the authors in their joyous band, for during the first year of their existence

Colonel Hozier. Mr. Augustus Spalding. Mr. C. W. A. Trollope. Major G. Nugent. Mr. W. Leese. The late Mr. Quentin Twiss.



Mr. Cowley Lambert. Mr. Alan Mackinnon. Mrs. Crutchley. Mr. Charles Drummond. Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis.
Mr. Alex. Tassell.

A GROUP OF WINDSOR STROLLERS.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

original list, and though the Guards regiments stationed at Windsor have always supported the Club's performances very heartily and have shown unbounded hospitality to its members, the Windsor Strollers from the first formation of the association drew to themselves clever amateurs from all quarters. Arthur Cecil and Clayton both played with the Strollers, and, as the latter made only one appearance, it is darkly hinted that he was not at that time supposed to possess the requisite histrionic talent to become a full-blown Windsor Stroller.

Under Captain Hartopp and Captain Gooch, the first two Presidents, the Club flourished and increased, and during the years of their reigns such professional "stars" as Misses Kate Terry, Rose Leclercq, and Mrs. Leigh Murray played at Windsor, and Charles Allen, "Willie" Elliot, and Arthur Bouchier learned there some of that skill they now show on the professional stage. The Strollers still ask on occasion professional ladies to play with them, but they keep recorded in their books the successes of some of the most talented ladies who have graced the amateur stage, and for a lady to-day to wear the ribbon of red and green is to hold a high place in the world of amateurs. Lady Monckton was a splendid Annie Carew with the Strollers, Mrs. Hughes-Hallett and the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley shone for a time as stars with them, and in later years, under Mr. Charles Drummond's genial rule as President, Mrs. Charles Sim has been a glorious Princess Claudia in "The Red Lamp," and

Palgrave Simpson tried a melodrama, "The Black Rock," and Captain Hartopp a play, "Eclipsing the Sun," with their aid, and W. B. Walker, Sir Charles Young, Captain Bagot, and, I fancy, Lord Burghclere, all with amateur assistance, sent ventures out on trial cruises. This year, the Strollers, true to their traditions, gave Captain Liddell the help of the full strength of their Company in "The Uses of Adversity," and accorded the same favour to a blushing author who shall be nameless, and whose little duologue, "The Decree Absolute," was admirably played by Mrs. Charles Crutchley and Mr. Alan Mackinnon.

The Windsor Strollers have very merry moments of leisure in their Club-rooms at the Castle Hotel, and supper after the performance is always the most cheerful of meals, lasting often till near breakfast-time. On the Friday of the week, after the last performance, which is a *matinée*, the Strollers entertain the ladies who have played with them at a banquet, and afterwards an impromptu burlesque is romped through, the performances during the week being treated without reverence; each actor sees himself "taken off" by a brother histrion, and immediately takes a good-natured revenge. The ceremonies with which a new member, who must have played two years with the Company to be eligible, is admitted to the fold are of the most weird and awe-inspiring character; but I believe that some doom too terrible for words overhangs the Stroller who divulges aught as to these Eleusinian mysteries.

N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

UP-TO-DATE EGYPT.

THE mysterious Sphinx still couches, gazing blankly over dark Egypt, side by side with the Great Pyramid, doubtless wondering at the changes that are so rapidly taking place, and not the least at that which affects herself. Time was when rain rarely fell, but now one of the last reports says that, due to cultivation, irrigation, and other



HIS HIGHNESS THE KHEDIVE ABBAS HELMY II.

"ations" of the learned, rain is so frequent, and falls to such an extent, that the stone out of which the gigantic Sphinx was carved thousands of years ago is rapidly corroding away. What will be the changes to come, when modern civilisation is in full swing, who can say? Already the electric light flashes in Cairo, railways are in full progress, canals are turning the dry desert green, and to-day the news will be wired to us that, in the presence of the Khedive, his guest the Duke of Connaught, and a whole string of notabilities, the Great Dam at Assouan has been opened.

What for?

In a sketch within *The Sketch* it is necessary to say much in few words. Most people are as familiar with the River Nile as with their A, B, C, and they know that it fertilises Egypt—that is to say, a green strip upon its banks—by flooding it more or less according to the season, and then sinking back into its usual channel, leaving upon the cultivated lands a deposit of most fertile mud, out of which the people get at least two crops a-year. But perhaps it is not generally known that in some years the flood does not rise sufficiently high, while in others far too much runs to waste, carrying with it the rich, red, equatorial mud into the Mediterranean Sea.

To regulate all this, after years of plans and suggestions, capital has been raised, now that Egypt is considered safe as an investment, and Sir John Aird, with his army of constructors and navvies, has built and finished the stupendous Dam, with its weirs, sluices, flood-gates, machinery, and all other appendages necessary to this Broddingnagian Teddington Lock, so that in future the mighty Nile, instead of charging down like a war-horse, will be, so to speak, bitted and bridled, kept in hand, and the fertile waters that have run to waste used as required over the millions of acres heretofore in cultivation, as well as those which, to the increasing of the revenue of Egypt, will now be reclaimed.

This tells well for the reign of peace that has now set in under the Khedive Abbas Helmy II. It seems only the other day that he ascended the Throne, a youth of

nineteen; and since then, in connection with the British occupation, matters have moved quietly and fast.

We, the untravelled, are so accustomed to think of Egypt in connection with Turkey, as a land fettered by the old traditions of the East, the home of barbaric splendour, insanitary streets, and dark doings in connection with polygamy and the bowstring, that it may be as well that we should try and open our eyes to the fact that over many of these matters we have been troubled with a mole-like blindness, and that, under the reign of the present Khedive, Alexandria and Cairo are rapidly becoming Parisian or Viennese, and that the Egyptian monarch is a quiet, thoughtful, Europeanised gentleman whose great aim seems to be the raising of his country to a position in which it may stand high amidst the civilisations of the world.

The works in progress speak for themselves, and we are enabled this week to put before our readers a series of illustrations depicting how thoroughly Abbas II. is a ruler of the present day. The word "harem" alone carries the mind of the reader back to "The Arabian Nights," but the actinic light of the Twentieth Century, after passing through the lenses of the camera, gives with unerring fidelity what the harem of the Khedive really is, namely, the private wing of the European-like Abdeen Palace, with its vestibules, staircases, and reception-rooms handsomely furnished in the most modern style—in short, the palatial home of a man of cultivation, who, though a devoted follower of Islam, the creed of his people, follows out its purest principles and leaves that which might jar upon a Western mind to the darkness of the past. For Abbas is the husband of one wife, the father of six little children, three of whose portraits are given here—to wit, his little son and heir and the two elder Princesses.

In the series of photographic sketches of the interior of the harem, there is one, however, and one only, which hints of the national exclusiveness and the utter privacy of that portion of the Palace. Allusion is made to the handsome room, with its hangings and divan, which shows but slightly, though accurately enough, one window or opening, trellised and curtained, not giving upon some prospect of garden or private court, but upon the State ball-room, and through which, unseen of the invited, the Khediva and her suite can be, so to speak, present to look upon one or other of the great functions given to the Corps Diplomatique, notabilities, and their ladies, who are for the time being the Khedive's guests.

Egypt's history is written in stone. It is a record, told in its temples, in its hieroglyphics, and upon its wonderfully preserved papyrus rolls, of the deeds of a long series of mighty, barbaric monarchs, boasting a civilisation of their own, running through centuries of the past that are shadowy in the far distance of thousands of years B.C. and A.D. But the greatest civiliser that has sat upon the Throne is decidedly the present ruler in this, the dawn of the Twentieth Century—one whose ideas are bound up with progress, a man deeply interested in the advance of his country, the reclaiming of land from the desert, and in himself a cultivator who devotes much of his spare time to his farms and gardens, in short, to the general bringing into cultivation of the land that has so long lain waste, and to the great advantage of the people over whom he reigns.



THE CHILDREN OF THE KHEDIVE.

Photographs by P. Dittich, Cairo.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. ISABEL STRONG and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne will issue immediately their "Memories of Vailima." These recollections will be illustrated by photographs in the possession of the authors and Mrs. Stevenson. There will also be a chapter on Samoan songs.

The *Bookman* for December contains a number of very interesting reports from booksellers throughout the country as to the best-selling books of the day. In fiction, "Temporal Power" generally heads the list, while "The Little White Bird," "The Vultures," "The Intrusions of Peggy," "Cecilia," and "The Four Feathers" appear in almost every report. "Just So Stories," of course, heads the list in Juveniles, followed by Henty and the series of "Dumpy Books" and the "Little One's Library."

There is a great diversity in the lists of Biography and Travel books, but the reports were received before the publication of De Wet's "Three Years' War," which will certainly prove the book of the year in this section. It is pleasing to find that Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Browning" is among the best-selling books throughout the country, and another striking feature revealed by the reports is the popularity of the magnificently illustrated volumes on Egypt and the Holy Land and Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "World Pictures." Messrs. A. and C. Black are to be most heartily congratulated upon the production of these sumptuous volumes, which are, all things considered, the most beautiful gift-books of the season issued at a popular price. The illustrations in colour are works of art, the most satisfactory examples of colour-printing I have ever seen, and, altogether, the volumes mark a notable advance in publishing. Their success is proof, if proof were needed, that the public always appreciates good work and will always support enterprise and originality.

The publication of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Browning" in the "English Men of Letters" series has been postponed till January. Meanwhile he has written the first two volumes of the "*Bookman* Booklets," (1) "Thomas Carlyle," (2) "Robert Louis Stevenson," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just issued. The "*Bookman* Booklets" is the general title of a new series of illustrated monographs on great writers, published at the popular price of one shilling net. The books are illustrated by portraits and other pictures connected with the life and work of the authors, and contain a handsome frontispiece. Mr. Chesterton contributes a characteristic "appreciation," and each volume is furnished with a biographical note.

Since the days of De Rougemont there has been no great sensation in the magazine world, but I hear that a series of articles which is to be issued shortly in one of the popular periodicals is likely to startle readers. The articles in question are called "Underground History; or, The Revelations of an International Spy." They are said to be "most astounding revelations touching upon the most important

incidents of modern times, such as: 'The Telegram which Began the Boer War,' 'The Sinking of the *Maine*,' 'The Dreyfus Case,' 'The Peace Rescript of the Czar,' 'The Greek-Turkish War,' &c. The author is assuming no little personal risk in giving to the world knowledge of which he has come into possession through the most delicate relations with the officials of many Governments." Whiew!

It is rather curious that two of the most popular volumes of the season, Mr. Crawford's "Cecilia" and Miss Broughton's "Lavinia," revive the titles of famous old novels. It almost seems as if all the possible titles for fiction had already been used.

Early in January, Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish Mr. W. S. Lilly's new work, entitled "Christianity and Modern Civilisation."

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, the author of "One Poor Scruple," has written a new novel, entitled "The Light Behind," which Mr. John Lane will publish next year.

"The Egregious English," the reply to "The Unspeakable Scot," promises to be an outspoken work. The opening passage from the book asserts that it has become the Englishman's habit—one might almost say, the Englishman's instinct—to take himself as the head and front of the universe: "The order of creation began in protoplasm. It has achieved, at length, the Englishman. As an easy-going, entirely confident, imperturbable piece of arrogance, the Englishman has certainly no mammalian compeer. Even in the blackest of his troubles he perceives that he is great." Is any purpose, I should like to know, served by such a diatribe?

Mr. Henry Savage Landor's new volume, "Across Coveted Lands," is an even more startling and sensational book than the story of his adventures in Thibet. "Across Coveted Lands" contains descriptions of horrors and tortures galore. It contains a description of Mr. Landor's adventures on an "electric desert," where the air and soil were highly charged with the magnetic fluid, and all he had to do to light his pipe was to snap his fingers over it; of another desert where the normal temperature at day was

150 degrees Fahrenheit and where icicles formed on his face at night. It tells how he was twice attacked by bands of robbers, rescued people lost in the desert, got lost himself with his entire caravan, found fossil remains of gigantic turtles on the tops of mountains, discovered a large town not down on any map whose inhabitants did not know its name, and, finally, came to a half-buried city the ruins of which were eighty-six miles long.

Mr. M. M. Shoemaker, the author of "Islands of the Southern Seas," which Messrs. Putnam's published some time ago, and which contained, if I remember rightly, a capital account of Stevenson's Samoa, recently made a journey across Siberia, and has completed an important volume, entitled "The Great Southern Railway from Petersburg to Peking."

O. O.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.—II. THE MIRROR.

TWO BOOKS BY BOER GENERALS.*

IF in the course of the now happily concluded South African War the Boers found the Mauser to be mighty, they seem now to be of opinion that the pen is mightier. Mr. Kruger has given the reading world his "Memoirs," and several of his Generals have yielded to the blandishments of the publishers, while Fleet Street whispers that a number of others are on the point of following suit. So far, indeed, Cronje alone has proved coy. Paternoster Row, however, is not despairing, for, with De Wet safely between book-covers, none of his late companions in the field can hope to hold out very long.

As for many months Commander-in-Chief of the Burgher forces, and the man who successfully evaded the united efforts of the whole of the British Army in South Africa to capture him, it was felt that whatever De Wet cared to say about the conduct of the campaign must necessarily be of absorbing interest. This expectation has been abundantly justified, for the "Three Years' War"—the volume in which he has embodied his experiences—is an exceedingly valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. It is written, moreover, with a rugged simplicity (yet marked here and there by a certain amount of rancour) that invests it with a peculiar charm. A tale of brave men who, though they belonged to different nations, were united in one common bond of loyalty to the countries they served, the book is one that will assuredly be read and marked by a very large number of people. The author's fellow Burghers will appreciate it for its account of the brilliant manner in which, over and over again, he saved them from threatened danger and destruction; while his former enemies—now his friends—will turn to it for elucidation of what he rightly calls a "wondrous War."

The dedication—"To My Fellow Subjects of the British Empire"—is the keynote to the tone of the book. Throughout its seven-and-thirty chapters, the writer pays a larger measure of generous tribute to the men he fought against than might (taking all things into consideration) have reasonably been expected. To him the conclusion of peace brought no bitterness in its train, for in his last words he calls on those whom only a few months ago he led against us to be true to the flag that now floats over Pretoria. The paragraph is worth quoting: "Be loyal to the new Government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a Nation which has shed its blood for Freedom!" These are the words of a gallant soldier and an honourable foe.

It is, or, at any rate, was the thing—especially among those who sat at home and acted as "War experts" for the cheap Press—to dub De Wet a "train-wrecker" and "wager of guerilla warfare." Now, in respect of the former of these charges, it may not be generally known that the practice is followed in all armies as the readiest means of depriving the enemy of reinforcements and supplies. Of course, when the matter is regarded superficially, it is a barbarous expedient, for it frequently entails the destruction of non-combatants and invalids. War, however—no matter how it be waged—must necessarily be barbarous. As a distinguished American General said, "War is hell!" The soldier who attempts to conduct it on the lines of a Sunday School picnic soon comes to grief. With regard to the often raised charge of employing "guerilla" tactics, De Wet defends—if he does not quite justify—his conduct spiritedly and well. If England, he remarks in effect, were to capture Paris, and the French Government were to continue to defend itself, we should have no more right to call our antagonists "guerillas" than we had to apply this epithet to the Burghers who remained in the field after the fall of Pretoria. In the same way, he adds, if an enemy established itself in London, and our Government transferred itself elsewhere, "could England then be considered to be annexed by another nation and could the enemy term the English 'guerillas'?" Surely it would be impossible!" It is significant, he

further points out, that the expression was withdrawn when the Peace negotiations were discussed.

Such vexed questions as these, however, do not occupy any very appreciable portion of De Wet's fascinating volume. For the most part, he contents himself with describing the operations in which he gained his reputation for "slimness" and resource. That he manages to do this without unduly blowing his own trumpet in the process redounds greatly to his credit, for Napoleon himself might well have been proud of some of his exploits. Prominent among these is that of his cutting his way through a cordon of sixty thousand British troops last February.

Scattered through the pages of General De Wet's book are a number of anecdotes. A good many of them are told rather at our expense; one, however, makes pleasant reading. The Burghers had arrived at a position occupied by a small British garrison and, according to their custom, sent in a messenger to demand immediate capitulation. The reply that was brought back from the officer in command was in the following terms: "I'm damned if I surrender!"

General Viljoen's contribution, "My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War," differs from that of General De Wet in that it deals mainly with operations in another portion of the strategical area. It was written, too, at St. Helena, where the author was detained for some months as a prisoner-of-war. Like his illustrious chief, General Viljoen was several times "captured" (on paper), extremely circumstantial reports of the occurrence being sent home by War Correspondents and duly published here. One account was to the effect that he had been court-martialled and shot at De Aar, and a harrowing sketch of the execution appeared in *Khaki Bits*, or some other equally imaginative periodical. The journalist concluded his account of the scene in this amiable fashion: "At last this scoundrel, robber, and guerilla leader, Viljoen, has been safely removed, and will trouble the British Army no longer!" It is to be hoped that the subject of this obituary derived some consolation from the fact that he was declared to have met his death "with rare stoicism and fortitude."

HORACE WYNDHAM.



GENERAL DE WET.

Photograph by Saphra, Johannesburg.

THE TROUBLES OF MOROCCO.

The Morocco scare has died down, and I shall be surprised if the trouble round Tetuan assumes big dimensions. Mulai Abd-el-Aziz has cannon and some good guns, together with a small number of disciplined troops, trained by Sir Harry Maclean. The Pretender's party is comparatively ill-equipped and readily disheartened. It is interesting to see that the movements of our Fleet suggested complete readiness to deal with any situation that might arise. My own opinion, founded upon a fairly close study of the question, is that any trouble to be encountered will come from the eastern borders of Morocco, where the French forces are stationed. We have now reached the season when it is possible to move European troops through the inhospitable district that leads from Igli and Figuig to the rich oases of Tafilat, and I expect to see any further trouble used as a mask to cover a French advance. The French are very happily situated, for they control the only telegraphic communication existing between the West Algerian hinterland and the coast, and can consequently move in silence, since three weeks must elapse before a native runner can carry news from Tafilat to Fez or Morocco City, and then it will not find credence among Europeans.

"A Doffed Coronet," the new book by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," will be published by Messrs. Harper immediately. It is autobiographical in form, and tells of the author's exciting experiences in Egypt when Cairo was seething with intrigue and adventure after the rebellion of Arabi Pasha.

* "Three Years' War." By Christian Rudolph De Wet. London: Constable. (10s. 6d.)
"My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War." By General Ben Viljoen. London: Hood, Douglas, and Howard. (6s.)

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



VII.—“LAST SCENE OF ALL, THAT ENDS THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY, IS SECOND CHILDISHNESS, AND MERE OBLIVION; SANS TEETH, SANS EYES, SANS TASTE, SANS EVERYTHING.”

THE NIXIE

The Nixie by the water-wheel
Sits with her golden rock and reel,
And, while the slow wheel moves along,
She sings a luring Nixie-song—
Would make a sage mad to plunge down
To her green wave and near her drown,
Content so much delight to steal.

The Nixie like a woman is,
With hands to hold and lips to kiss;
Grey are her eyes, as mill-pools are
Ere night to twilight shows a star;
Her yellow hair with water drips,
Pale with much laughter are her lips,
Her cheek is pale as clematis.

Like any woman fair to see,
The Nixie waits for you and me,
There in the shadow of the wheel,
That turns all day and does not feel
The wicked secret in the air
Of the white Nixie waiting there,
With water-lilies in her hair.

She waits to see wise men go mad—
So many lovers she has had;
So many lovers shall she yet
See drowning, till her own sun set,
And in the mill-race men behold
A Nixie floating, dead and cold,
Taken at last in her own net.

NORA CHESSEX.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE HEART OF THE MAZE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



Illustrated by John Hassall.



It might have been a delusion of my fever that I had heard the tap-tap of high-heeled shoes upon the stone

the Maze wound in and out; and yet I felt as though I could keep up the chase for ever, so at last I should see her face.

Then I lost her for a second, and immediately afterwards came out upon a clear space, which I judged to be the middle of the Maze, and there I found her.

The wind had got up and the green sky was now streaked with rose. It was a most unnatural light that lay upon the world at that hour, and such as no painter would dare to represent for fear of people saying he mis-painted Nature.

The bit of sward was greener than wholesome grass. The trees that hemmed it in were the yews and the cypresses. About their feet were many fungi, and the place smelt dank and unwholesome. I could have sworn that in a shady corner I caught sight of the twisted roots of a mandrake.

So much I saw half-consciously. In the middle of the sward there was a figure, life-size, of a monstrous black woman—the Black Venus, of whom I had heard, from whose monstrous worship may God, the God of my crusading fathers, deliver me!

The place smelt of sin if it were not for her who had led me there. She stood below the Venus and at last her face was turned towards me. Such an arch, rosy, sweet face, or so it would be in happy moments. Now it was grave. With one hand she pointed downwards. I could see nothing, nothing save something which might have been a coping of marble in the ground a few feet from the Venus. The green and rose of the dawn seemed to have gathered about the lady. She said nothing, but her expression was full of warning and entreaty, and again I saw the *fleur-de-lis* and poppies of her scarf as the wind drove it towards me.

I made a step to her. She put out both hands, as though to keep me away. I never thought to ask her what the danger was of which her eyes were signals. She retreated and I followed. Again she was gone, lighter than any thistledown. Again I followed. When at last I emerged from the Maze she had vanished.

The physician who attended me, and who kept me alive by my brother's orders—that was a strange conscience which wished me dead, yet would not despatch me—found my fever increased when next he visited me. I liked him as little as I liked Askew, my jailer, yet I am bound to confess he was skilful and handled wounds as though he loved them.

"I have slept ill," I said, "and had the strangest dream."

"That would be because of the fever, Highness," he answered.

"Is there," I asked, "anywhere in the grounds of this Castle of Boding a Black Venus at the heart of a Maze?"

He started, and then recovered himself.

"The grounds are very great, as your Highness knows," he said; "but I know of no such thing. We shall ask Sir Lancelot Askew when next he visits his illustrious guest."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"His most unwilling guest," I said.

"Your Highness is free to come and go," said the physician, with an answering shrug. "As soon as your Highness can take the air, the park and gardens will all be open."

"And all guarded," said I, bitterly, "lest word should reach my men that I was not killed in the battle, after all."

But there was no use in following that vein, since the physician and the master of Boding were my brother's creatures; and very strange it was to me that he who had proved himself so brave a soldier, albeit so unscrupulous, as Sir Lancelot Askew, should lend himself to such wickedness—yea, put his head in the noose and his Castle in the melting-pot, if so be I escaped my imprisonment and came to my own again.

staircase, and the liquid lapping of a silken train going from step to step. I was sure that I had heard it time after time while my brain yet wandered, and I could not disentangle its imaginations from real things.

Yet here was I, clear of the fever, and in the grey dawn lying with head as cool as ever it had been, although I was drained of strength, listening to the same soft, alluring sound.

Forgetting my wound, I sprang up and followed the sound. By the time I had reached the staircase the lady was out of sight; but, hurrying upon her footsteps, I peered above the banisters and saw her below in the ghostly shadows of the sleeping house.

Was she girl or ghost? Her small curls over-brimmed her head, as though someone had showered golden rings upon it. Her sacque was rose-coloured. Her scarf blew out behind her as she went, as though there were an open door below. Indeed, I felt the wind of it in my face. The scarf was of gauze, delicately embroidered. But that I knew later. I was within seeing distance of her golden head and the brilliant rose satin of her sacque.

I followed as fast as I could, although the weakness of my illness tripped me. The sound of her satin skirt, the tapping of her shoes, were an allurement which at any time I had found it hard to resist. But now I was consumed with impatience to see her face. There was some memory about her golden head that baffled while it led me on.

The postern-door, indeed, stood open. The garden was full of the wind of the dawn. Above the mountain-top the morning star yet trembled, while little lines of green and rose grew in the grey.

Down here at the mountain-foot the shadows were yet obscure. The garden was drenched with dew, the grass of the lawns showing as though under water. The air was exceedingly fresh and sweet. My lungs drank large draughts of it while I followed the lady down the long walk between the yew hedges cut in swans and peacocks, around the dial, past the fountain with its basin of gold-fishes.

Roses now began to glimmer rosily in the grey. It was my first acquaintance with the garden where I was to spend many hours, and even in the eagerness of my pursuit the size and beauty of the roses amazed me. The garden was all rose and grey, and a little way off in the mists the rose-coloured figure flitted before me.

Across many a grassy lawn, down green alleys, over the lake by its rustic bridge, I followed her. The light was widening now. It had taken on a greenish hue, and the sky and the garden began to grow emerald. We had left the garden behind us and come into a Maze, an oddly winding way between walls of green box. Sometimes I lost her round a turn of the path; I regained her only to lose her again.

In and out, round and about, the Maze went in an indescribable intricacy. I might easily have lost her altogether if she had willed it, but even one inexperienced in the ways of woman might perceive that she did not will it. Sometimes I was so close that her scarf floated towards me in the half-light, and I could see the flowers which were wrought upon it. Again she had slipped, as it seemed, from out of my grasp.

It was a strange dawn, for now it had grown all green, and pulsed in waves and floods of green light. And I had followed her far, since

"Your Highness muttered in your sleep," went on the physician, still watching me with those cold, malignant eyes of his, "of a lady in a rose-coloured sacque who led you to the Maze. 'Twas part of the dream of the Black Venus, doubtless."

I had not meant to speak to him of the lady, and I bit my lips with chagrin because I had betrayed myself.

"It was a strange dream," he went on, "if it was a dream. I think myself it was a memory. The night your Highness was wounded, when you lay on the floor in the Picture Gallery while I applied my tourniquet and bandages, you were at the feet of Dame Alice Askew, a lady with golden curls and a pink satin sacque, who lived in the days of Queen Katharine."

So that was the memory which had puzzled me. I remembered now to have seen the lady's mild, compassionate face as I opened and closed my eyes, drifting into unconsciousness from the weakness of much blood-letting.

"She pointed downwards," I said, "in the picture."

"She pointed downwards," he replied. "At the edge of the picture is something that might be a well. They say her one son was drowned in the well. The picture is a replica of one painted by Zucchero in her lifetime, the detail of the well doubtless added."

I could not doubt him; the picture returned to my mind as he had said. And so my sickness had played me strange tricks. Yet I could have sworn that no ghost or memory could have drawn me with so warm a regard.

After that my wound mortified and I was very like to die. One night, wherein I went as low as man may and live, I was aware of the moody face and lean figure of Sir Lancelot Askew flitting about the shadows of my room and looking as though he had stepped from the arras. Something else I fancied I saw by the curtains of the window, something of rose and gold, but it was gone as quickly as it came, and I put it down to a dying man's fancy. I could see that the physician thought I was dying. Yet he never relaxed his care for me.

"I am slow in dying, Master Filippo," I said.

"No one grudges your Highness his leisure about such a business," he answered me.

"Tell me now," I said, "ere I go, why is it that you have kept me alive, when a little thing omitted, to say nothing of something done, had sped me on my way?"

"We are not butchers," he said, smiling coldly. "And although it would be mighty convenient for some of us if your Highness slept with your fathers, yet such a clumsy manner of speeding you would not commend itself to him whom we serve. I could have dropped poison in your drink, or flavoured your meat with it, and none had ever discovered it. I am not a Florentine born for nothing."

I knew that it was true. I had not feared to eat and drink of his messes and potions. For the thousandth time I marvelled at the strange manner of man my brother was, who had robbed me of my State and name and life itself, so far as men knew, yet hesitated to strike the last blow of all; and how he had made many different men his creatures, not so much out of fear of him as out of love. Yet at this I hardly marvelled so much, seeing that I had loved him if he had permitted me, and had given him the place only below myself in power over my people.

But, after all, I did not die that time, or should I be alive to tell the tale? On the contrary, whether it was due to the excellent constitution of my youth or to Master Filippo's as excellent surgery, I healed of my wound.

And presently I was a hale man and walked about like another.

It was true now that within the walls of Boding I might go where I would; yet wherever I went I was watched, and of that I became aware by that feeling which makes a man perceive when

eyes are upon him. And, faith, they were on me—from every blind tower and quickset hedge, from the yew harbours, and every little clump and boscage at a distance.

The knowledge kept me from turning my feet towards the way which I supposed would lead to the Maze. I paced lonely the walks and terraces about the Castle, with a book in my hand and my eyes on the leaves, while all the time my thoughts within fretted and fumed to a frenzy. What chance had I of escape? Without the walls of Boding there was the moat; without the moat the island, ending in precipitous cliffs; beyond the island the lake, so great that it was



She stood below the Venus and at last her face was turned towards me.

"THE HEART OF THE MAZE."

an inland sea. Unless the Castle were to be invaded by some such secret way beneath the lake as legend reported to exist, the place was impregnable.

I was in a mood to do something desperate; to spring on one of those lurking knaves and possess myself of his sword and die fighting, like a man, was in my thoughts. Why, with much more of this life the marrow would be melted in my bones. I should become timid, afraid of my shadow. The loneliness weighed upon me.

Then, one evening, as I sat in the West Walk—the Lady's Walk, 'twas called by some—I looked up and I was suddenly aware that I was no longer spied upon. The bushes about me showed me an innocent face. Overhead the blackbird sang that should presently give place to the nightingale. The young moon shone a bow of silver. The dew began to fall. I was sure that I was alone. The stealing footsteps, the crackling twigs, the bright eyes in the core of harmless things, that had all but driven me mad were taken away from me.

The suddenness and strangeness of the thing should have warned me. But suddenly, far down an alley, I caught a glimpse of rose, and a silver laugh rang out.

I forgot that I was a prisoner, forgot everything but the lady who had led me through the Maze. I sprang to my feet and followed like a madman. She eluded me as she had done that far-away morning, yet her laugh floated back to me. The lady had not laughed, and I confess that, while it maddened, it perturbed me. I had not thought of her as one to allure men with light laughter.

A little Italian greyhound which belonged to my jailer and had taken a fancy to me, poor beast, ran ahead of me gaily, being pleased, perhaps, to see me out of my moodiness, or, perhaps, following the lady.

The evening had now fallen, with its shadows. The trees outside the Maze still stood gold-green in the late sunset, but between the walls of box it was a little cold and dark. I had an idea that it might be a path to a graveyard, for the gloom and the chill and the strange, aromatic smell of the box.

So the lady had not been part of a fever dream. If this were the Lady Alice, her laughter was human. I followed eagerly, yet half with reluctance, as though I did something shameful to the memory of that green dawn.

This time the pink and gold led me just such a dance; yet the feeling was different. Before, I followed a clue, something that beckoned to help and salvation. Now, I followed a witch, and it was not the noblest part of me that she allured.

Then suddenly I came upon the heart of the Maze, with the Black Venus. And the shadows were dark all about. And there was the mandrake, and there were henbane and nettles, and the grotesque yews and cypresses flung about as though by great tempests. I had a fancy that the place smelt of ancient sins.

And all of a sudden the passion of the chase quite died down, and I paused on the threshold, although beyond the Venus the rose and gold still glimmered and the light laugh came back to me.

But the little hound sprang forward. And then, what had happened? I heard the creature shriek and saw him disappear. The earth had opened to receive him. When I would have gone to his help, my foot struck against a kerb of marble.

And so this was the Well, here in the midst of the Maze, and with the Black Venus for its Nymph. And to this I had been lured for my destruction. Another step and I had sunk, as the little greyhound had done, through stifling masses of water-weed and green scum, down to the bowels of the earth, for, as I know now, the depths of the Well have not been sounded.

I found my way out of the Maze at last; and it was dark, a velvety night, with stars like points of silver upon the purple. My thoughts were in a cruel whirl. I could make nothing of the adventure: for if the lady of my morning dream, or waking, whichever it was, had meant to save me, the other lady had designed to destroy me, had made so sure of it that she had gone on her way without returning to see if I had escaped her toils.

I was very glad to come out of the Maze and find myself once more in the garden amid the roses, the tall shafts of lilies glimmering in the dark like the marble of the statues.

Then, as I drew near the Castle, I saw that it was alight nearly from roof to basement, that which had always been so gloomy; and I was filled with wonder.

I found my way to the postern and ascended the winding stair, which was still in darkness; I had noticed that this portion of the Castle was in strange contrast to the brilliancy of the rest. And I came out in a corridor I did not know.

As I hesitated which turning to take, the silver laughter which had nearly destroyed me fell again upon my ears, and I saw through a half-open door a chink of light.

I went up close to it, and then perceived that the light issued between two heavy curtains which fell across the door on the inner side. And, while I stood there, I heard my own name spoken.

"He is dead," said the voice, and again the light, wicked laugh followed, "dead in the Well of the Venus. And so, my bird, all that treachery of yours which has led his men under the lake to the Castle is of no avail. He is dead, and Prince Rupert is dead, and our father is dead, and you and I will soon join the company of ghosts, for to live after such a treachery as yours is impossible. As for me, so I meet Prince Rupert in the Shades I shall not greatly care. Perhaps you may be as fortunate, and be united to the ghost of him for whom you betrayed us."

"My father bade me do it at the last," another voice said, and this time my heart leaped up. "He repented of his sin, but he could not trust you or the others. He thought there was some plan afoot to destroy the rightful Prince. I warned him of the Well. And, if I am too late to save him, at least I can die after him."

I looked through the chink in the curtains then, and saw two girls confronting each other. They were of a height, and were dressed alike in rose-coloured satin. But, while one was dark as night, the other was golden as day. And yet there was a subtle likeness between them; and I noticed, idly, the golden wig upon the ground which had led me into mistaking the younger sister for the elder.

But had I been in the Maze, then, a thousand years? For it seemed Sir Lancelot Askew was dead, and my brother Rupert was dead, and my men held the Castle of Boding. It was true that I had not seen Sir Lancelot for days. Well, he repented of his wickedness at the last, and the angel child of his first wife had helped him to atone for it. But as for my brother Rupert, that debonair Prince who won hearts as lightly as he made plots, I could only think of him as the child who had played with me when we were little ones together. All the rest was clean blotted out, and my heart cried for my brother.

"They are scattered abroad seeking their Prince," mocked the dark lady; "but the Black Venus does not give up her prey so easily. They may look for him till Judgment Day ere they find him."

"You will not confess?" said the other, and for a moment I thought that her fair brows were like those of the Accusing Angel. "What if I denounce you?"

"I shall not be in a position to care greatly," said the other. "Do you suppose I shall fear to take the leap after Prince Rupert? You do not know how to love, you poor white creature, or you would not be thinking of living when he you loved is dead. He died, too, following another woman."

"I do not believe it," said the other, steadily. "Why are you so bitter to me? We are the children of one father."

"But not of one mother," the other answered; and that was true enough, since Sir Lancelot Askew had married a Southern woman for his second wife.

There was a sound of footsteps stealing about me, and, looking round, I found myself surrounded by a dozen of my own men, who had sprung upon me for one of the conspirators. They had come in the nick of time. Ere they could shout their joy, I had flung back the curtains.

"Take this lady in custody," I said, pointing to the dark-haired siren, "and see that she is kept in safety. But let this lady receive all honour, since she is my betrothed wife."

I raised the hand of her I loved to my lips, but had to take her in my arms, for the joyful shock of seeing me alive had been too much for her.

As for the other, after the first moment she laughed the laugh which had so nearly led me to my destruction.

"So the Black Venus gave you up," she said. "Well, I am a bungler, I confess it. I thought I heard you shriek. What matter? The Prince I love will not reproach me when I meet him."

She was too cunning for us. She carried poison in her ring. In the night, while the guards yet paced up and down before her prison, she gained her liberty. She had loved my brother well. As for me, I pray that her turbulent soul may have found peace.

We have covered in the Well in the Maze, and broken the Venus, replacing her by the figure of an angel. When the sculptor would choose the finest model in all the land, he asked for the face of the Princess, my wife. So she stands for ever in marble above the covered Well, pointing downwards at it, her eyes for ever full of pity for the victims of sin.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON tells me that he has decided to start his revival of "Othello" at the Lyric next Monday, the 15th inst. The principal characters are thus allotted: Desdemona, Miss Gertrude Elliott; Emilia, Miss Lena Ashwell; Iago, Mr. Herbert Waring; Duke of Venice, Mr. Ian Robertson; Ludovico, Mr. Rawson Buckley; Cassio, Mr. Ben Webster; Roderigo, Mr. Grahame Browne; Montano, Mr. Leon Quartermaine; Gratiano, Mr. Ean McDonald; Brabantio, Mr. Sydney Valentine; and, of course, Othello, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Seeing that every one of these players of each sex is a fine elocutionist, it is evident that Mr. Forbes-Robertson does not intend to encourage that "reserved force" and confidential whispering which is far too common among our stage-players.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, like Mr. Arthur Bouchier (who is to play the Moor at the Garrick early in the New Year), will go in for sundry "new readings" involving much new "business," as they call it on the stage. It will not surprise me to find each new Moor reproducing some of the highly illustrative "business" and certain of the scenery arrangements invented by that master of stage technique, the late Charles Fechter.

For the rest, I may tell you that I find that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will be rather a pale Moor, while Mr. Bouchier will give physical emphasis to Othello's line, "Haply, for I am black."

As to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's sometime projected revival of "Othello," that has been indefinitely postponed. And, when Mr. Tree does present this tragedy at His Majesty's (whenever that may be), you must not be surprised if you find him choosing the character of Iago. For my part, I think that Mr. Tree should make the finest Iago we have had since Sir Henry (then Mr.) Irving. Irving's Iago, which he played to Edwin Booth's Othello at the Lyceum some twenty years ago, was the finest of modern times. *Per contra*, his Othello was, to my thinking, the least satisfactory of his many impersonations. Edwin Booth was also far better as Iago than as Othello. Indeed, I remember only two tragedians who were good in both characters—namely, Samuel Phelps and Charles Dillon—with (as Mr. Arthur Roberts would say) "the accent on" Phelps. But then Phelps was the finest all-round actor within the memory of Playgoing Man. And Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, both of whom served under Phelps, will, I am sure, bear me out in this statement.

It is a pity that Mr. Willard cannot be back just yet, so that he might alternate the characters of Iago and Othello with one or other of the above-named Moors. Now, Willard would do well in both characters. During his season at the St. James's next autumn (when Mr. George Alexander will be in America), Mr. Willard may, I gather, give us certain Shaksperian performances, haply Hamlet, Macbeth, and Shylock. Ever since I saw this powerful actor's Iachimo in "Cymbeline" at a Gaiety matinée, some years ago, I have longed to see him essay a "round" of Shakspeare.

From Irving's, Tree's, and Willard's respective fine performance of Shaksperian tragic characters you would scarcely think that in their early days they all played in burlesque. Yet they did, and played well to boot.

To-morrow (Thursday) night, Mr. George Edwardes will present at the Apollo quite an altered version of "The Girl from Kay's." There will be all sorts of new songs, and also there will be introduced a new and said-to-be very wonderful young contralto, Miss Black by name.

Mr. Edwardes is also busy preparing for use at the old Gaiety a

new *revue*, which is to be principally made up of favourite Gaiety burlesques and musical plays, including the best *morceaux* from "Robbing Roy," by Sir (then Mr.) F. C. Burnand; "Little Doctor Faust," by Henry J. Byron; Yardley and Stephens's "Little Jack Sheppard," Richard-Henry's "Frankenstein" and "Monte Cristo Junior," and H. J. W. Dam's "Shop-Girl," the first of the Gaiety "Girl" series.

Speaking of Mr. Dam, he has, I learn, just written for the American market a sartorial comedy entitled "Skipper and Company, Wall Street." Mr. Dam has often deviated into serious stage-work, notably "The Silver Shell," for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

Mr. Wilson Barrett informs me that he has arranged to start at the Adelphi (with Messrs. William Greet and Murray Carson) on Dec. 17. As I before indicated, the principal play during that season will be "The Christian King," with Mr. Barrett as Alfred the Great.

After Mr. Barrett's season, Messrs. Greet and Carson will produce on their own account a new and romantic drama adapted from a certain popular story, of which more anon.

Mrs. Kendal certainly possesses one of the most interesting of stage personalities. She was literally born in the buskin, and was the niece of that delightful dramatist, Tom Robertson. In three years from now Mrs. Kendal will be able to look back over a forty years' stage career; she was little more than a child when her début as Ophelia took place. As most people are aware, "Madge Kendal" is in some ways quite a Roman matron, devoted to her clever husband and to her children. Few women in any rank have had a happier home-life; broken recently by the terrible grief of losing a much-loved and talented daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal—whose real name, by the way, is the good old county one of Grimston, have a singularly beautiful house, on which they have lavished much thought and care, for they are both collectors and fond of pretty things and objects of art. They also have a delightful country retreat at Filey, in Yorkshire, and there they like to spend their brief holidays.

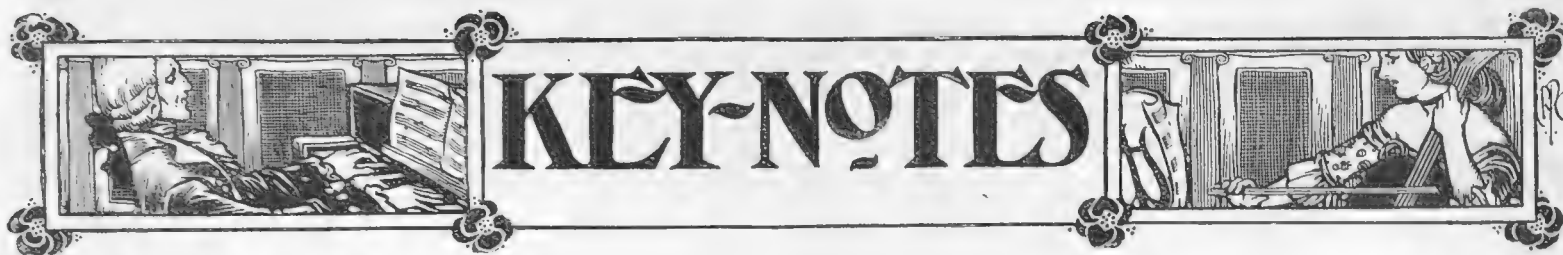
Among the busy men in the theatrical world at the present time—and with the approach of the pantomimes there are a good many—the busiest is probably Mr. Frank Parker, the indefatigable stage-manager of the Hippodrome,

for he is producing two Christmas entertainments separated by an interval of over two hundred miles. These are his pantomime of "Dick Whittington," at the Hippodrome, and his pantomime of "Aladdin," in Liverpool. How he almost manages to be in two places at one time is to be explained only by what he did last week. He left London after he had seen the arrangements made for the evening performance on Saturday, and arrived in Liverpool in time to have a scene-rehearsal at midnight. This went on for several hours, and early on Sunday morning he had a rehearsal of the children and supers. After several hours more, he left the drilling of the Company in the hands of an assistant able to carry out his instructions, and returned to London in time to have a scene-rehearsal at the Hippodrome, which, starting at eleven or twelve on Sunday night, went on into the large hours of the morning, and he was back again at his post early on Monday rehearsing the various sections in which he is obliged to arrange the Company, while all the time he has the direction of the ordinary matinée and evening performances to consider. As a matter of fact, from Friday night until Monday night Mr. Parker was practically without sleep, getting only such rest as he could in the train, while his meals even in London are very movable feasts indeed.



MRS. KENDAL: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



ONE of the most successful performances of Berlioz's "Faust" in recent years was given, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, on Thursday last by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. It is strange to think how slowly the reputation of that magnificent master has made its way through the world. Avowedly the creator of the modern orchestra, avowedly recognised as the greatest specialist in instrumentation that the modern history of music

has known, he has been deprived, as it were, of his birthright, and, where many another has reaped the harvest of which he sowed the seed, he has been left in a sort of dismal solitude. Yet he was the forerunner of Wagner, he was the temptation of Gounod; his Treatise on Instrumentation was, as we all know, the basis and the foundation of the score of "Lohengrin." His specialised knowledge of instruments has probably never been surpassed in history, and his teachings on the subject are, so far as this generation is concerned, the last word in connection with that great and complex art.

"Faust," or, to give it its full title, "La Damnation de Faust," is a work of supreme genius. It possesses that curiously strange element of beauty which makes from discords harmoniously arranged a completion of true artistic aims. In listening to the Royal Choral Society's interpretation, one was, oddly enough, reminded of Elgar's "Gerontius." The

demoniac choir, the abandoned sentiment of much of the music, the almost dreadful complexity of the score, seemed oddly to link the work of the Frenchman with that of the Englishman. Strangely enough, too, the saintly side of the work—Celestial choruses and so forth—is in each case comparatively insipid and tame. But technically, as it seems to us, the music of Berlioz surpasses even that of Edward Elgar. Not only did this composer know how to utilise every orchestral resource for his big effects, but he had also learned from Gluck the art of specialising the beauty of certain melodies by the employment of particular and individual instruments. We all know the magnificent words of praise which Berlioz used in describing Gluck's Air for the flute in the "Ballet of the Wandering Spirit" from "Orfeo." Precisely similar language might be used in respect to Berlioz's own employment of the viola in the song assigned to Margaret, "The King of Thule." That accompaniment was magnificently played on the occasion mentioned to Madame Sobrino's interpretation of the song. To particularise further would scarcely be profitable here, but, speaking generally of the performance, one may say that Sir Frederick Bridge did wonders with his orchestra. His chorus was by no means so successful; there was a certain heaviness about their singing which not all the energetic efforts of Sir Frederick could manage to lighten. Mr. Andrew Black was a splendid Mephistopheles, singing with intense dramatic effectiveness and great vocal beauty. Mr. Charles Saunders was scarcely heroic enough for Faust. But when, save on very rare occasions, is one likely to find an ideal exponent of this very difficult part?

Military bands are always a delight to the British public, and the bands of all the four regiments of Foot Guards, under Mr. Rogan, at the Queen's Hall on Friday, could not save themselves from making an immensely popular success. The programme was varied and most interesting. The music of the Army is always a stimulant and a reason for enthusiasm.

Miss Bertini Humphrys is a singer who, coming from America, has quickly made a drawing-room fame as an artist. Possessing an excellent voice, she has taken particular pains to cultivate it.

Miss Humphrys has made quite an extensive Continental reputation, and has sung with considerable public encouragement both at Milan and in various parts of Germany. She has worked extremely hard, and in America she has actually filled twenty-four prima-donna rôles. In England, too, she has had a recent success, singing with great acceptance at the Crystal Palace (at the Scotch Concert) on St. Andrew's Eve "Felicità," composed by Signor Arditi.

Signor Arditi belongs to that brave old band of Italian musicians and conductors who practically swayed operatic music in London before the days of the German conductor—before such names as Mottl, Zumpe, or Seidl were heard in the land. Conscientious and clever, he has always done his work thoroughly and well. As a composer, too, he has had an extensive vogue, and one of his best songs has had a world-wide popularity owing to the persistent favour which it has won from Madame Patti. He was an excellent lieutenant to Sir Augustus Harris, who relied for operatic success greatly upon his energy and skill. Italian modes of musical thought are not now so popular as once they were; but, as an exponent of those modes of thought, few have been in recent times keener or more promptly ready for all emergencies than Signor Arditi.

That mention of the Crystal Palace brings one back to a sadder note. "Forlorn," said Keats, "the very word is like a bell, that tolls me back from thee to my sole self"; and to speak of the Palace is to recollect that the most courteous and kindest of managers, Mr. Henry Gillman, has just paid the last dues of mortality. His energy, his enterprise, his skill in organisation, were equalled only by the persistent tact and gentleness of manner with which he fulfilled



SIGNOR LUIGI ARDITI.



MISS BERTINI HUMPHRYS.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

multifarious and very trying duties. His labour was one into which he threw all the energy and vitality of his being, and there was no man who came within his circle but was forced to acknowledge his sweetness of disposition.

COMMON CHORD.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Spring Entries—The Derby—Racing Information—Jumping.

NOMINATIONS for the Spring Handicaps have to be made on the first Tuesday in January, with the exception of the Grand National. Everything points to a successful season in 1903, as there are some exceptionally smart two-year-olds in training at Newmarket, and, if I am not mistaken, some of them will, as three-year-olds, have a great deal to do with the big handicaps next year. At the same time, the well-seasoned handicap performers should not be despised. Sir Blundell Maple has a likely animal in Nabot, who, many good judges think, should have won the Cambridge-shire. Darling is certain to win a good handicap with Maori Chieftain, who did not run within pounds of his proper form in the race for the Manchester November Handicap. Seahorse II. is a horse that will be followed by the public in the spring. I am told that Royal George is very likely to win a race early in the year. He ran badly in the Cambridge-shire, but he was going very fast up to the Bushes in the race for the Cesarewitch. Duke of Westminster has been a great disappointment to the Kingsclere stable, but he is very likely to improve with age. The public are, as a rule, good judges, and if Robert le Diable is entered for any of the Spring Handicaps he will, without a doubt, be well backed. Preen is not a flyer, but Lord Carnarvon has good horses in Mauvezin, The Solicitor, and Carle Kemp. Alfred Day has in his stable a very useful horse in Rightful, who may be seen to advantage in the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup. A couple of good stayers in Carabine and Congratulation will have to be reckoned with in the long-distance races next year, and the first-named of the two may win the Ascot Stakes if the Handicapper is not too unkind. Prince Florizel and Wargrave are useful horses, likely to win at any distance from a mile upwards. Mr. R. Sievier would, I should say, keep Sceptre for her weight-for-age races. If he decides to run her in the Spring Handicaps, calculations might easily be upset, for nobody but the owner knows how good the filly is when at her very best.

It affords me the greatest possible pleasure to hear, on the authority of one of the leading horse-watchers at Newmarket, that His Majesty the King is very likely to win the Derby of 1903 with his useful colt, Mead, who ran as a two-year-old very much like a big, overgrown baby. Mead is a chestnut colt, by Persimmon—Meadow Chat, who is very likely to develop into one of the fastest three-year-olds in training. He ran six times as a two-year-old. His first appearance was in the race for the Forty-fifth Biennial, at Ascot, when, palpably unfit, he finished fifth to Quintessence. He next ran fourth to Mixed Powder in the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting. He then won the Richmond Stakes, at Goodwood, over six furlongs. I saw the race, and I must admit it was a fine performance. He beat the favourite, Hammerkop, fairly and squarely. After this, Mead won the Hopeful Stakes at the Newmarket October Meeting. In this race Countermark finished second, while Sermon was only fourth. Mead was not in the first six for the Middle Park Plate, and, for future reference, it should be borne in mind that the distance of the race was six furlongs. I fancy the King's colt was chopped at the start. Anyway, a fortnight later, in the race for the Dewhurst Plate,

of seven furlongs, Mead finished second to Rock Sand, with Greatorex third and Hammerkop fourth. The fact that Mead started at 100 to 7 shows that the King's colt was not expected, but I fancy the stable discovered for the first time that staying was Mead's forte. Of course, he has a lot of ground to make up to beat Rock Sand, and Acefull is highly spoken of by the Newmarket touts. Martin, who will have the mount, thinks Acefull will have to be very good to beat either Rock Sand or Flotsam, and, he might have added, Mead. The King's colt has wintered well up to now.

Lord Derby, to judge by the tenor of his speech delivered at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club, has an idea that certain newspapers retail stable secrets which should be known only to owners and trainers. As Lord Derby races for racing's sake only, I should imagine that anyone would be allowed to sing his songs. As one who has always endeavoured to give the public all that could be got about horses and their owners, I am highly interested in his Lordship's remarks, but I am afraid I, for one, have become too old for reform. In the good old days, when the List men were able to lay stiff 'uns all day long and every day, nobody seemed to care for the protection of the innocent backer; but, with the advent of starting-price betting, some few of us saw our opportunity and we embraced it. From that day to this we have endeavoured to put before the public every available item that would assist them in their search for the ultimate winner.

Up to now the National Hunt business has hummed, and, with the New Year bigger prizes will attract better horses. We have any number of promising young hurdle-racers in training, but the fields for steeplechases are likely to

run small until the Grand National comes up for decision. I suppose Manifesto will be entered once more, but the old champion will have all his work cut out to go round the course the second time, as he is none too sound. I do hope the Handicapper will deal gently with the old favourite. If I had my way, he should not be apportioned more than twelve stone, as I think it hard on an old horse to be so often overburdened with weight. If all I hear from Ireland is correct, the King's chosen, Ambush II., will go very close at Liverpool, whatever his weight. It would be a grand repetition of a former performance if His Majesty were to win the Grand National and the Derby once again, and it is just on the cards that he may do so in 1903.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE MARQUIS OF LINLITHGOW AND HIS TOY BEAGLES.

Though our latest created Marquis hides his identity—one of the most popular of the day—under his new title, most people still think of him as Lord Hopetoun. The Marquis has deserved well of his country, for he has spent many years of his not very long life in Greater Britain, and he was the first to bear the proud title of Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. Both Lord and Lady Linlithgow are devoted to animals, and especially to horses and dogs. They are fond of sport in all its phases, and, now that they have come home for good, North Country sportsmen and sportswomen have much cause to rejoice.



TOY BEAGLES BELONGING TO THE MARQUIS OF LINLITHGOW.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT was long traditional that, while we borrowed things from France—from cuisinière, couturière, cordonnier alike—France had no contra account of indebtedness to her solid-footed Saxon neighbour, special productions of British taste having no hold of the Gallic imagination. This state of things, like many others, has changed, however, and women of the *beau monde* in Paris have not alone succumbed to the islanders' social five o'clock, but have come to relax the exclusive manner of *the Faubourg* so far as, like English women of similar status, to dine out at Columbin's or Ritz's far more than they could have considered possible even a dozen years ago. They have not yet arrived at restaurant supper-parties, while the "free and easy" manners of our hunting centres and country-house parties are unknown in the ceremonious gatherings of France *en campagne*. But one never knows to what stage of "nickname familiarity" our courteous neighbours may not ultimately arrive now that everything *à l'Anglaise* has become the mode of the moment. Theatres like the Renaissance also draw crowds of smartly frocked women when a good piece is on, and splendid evening toilettes have begun to gradually replace the semi-demi confections of which hats formed an invariable part formerly. Talking of dresses and clothes more particularly, I hear great accounts of the millinery *chefs d'œuvre* to figure forth at the Ascot Ball the day after to-morrow. Lady Rosmead, who has been living there for the past two years, brings a party; Mrs. Forrester, who used to manage the Conduit Street "Bungalow" so successfully, and now runs Lady Warwick's former shop in Bond Street with equal ability, will be in evidence; Lady Troubridge, the Misses Stonor, and all the neighbouring families more or less, in their very best frocks and jewels.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Jewellery is, of course, an indispensable aid to beauty, so I particularly adjure my fair—and dark—readers to betake themselves to the three several establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, where such a store of exquisite elegancies has been prepared for their delectation this Christmas as surely was never seen or thought of before. The Company's pearls—which not alone simulate but assimilate Nature's best efforts, inasmuch as they are produced by a secret process of the same chemical ingredients—must ever remain in the forefront of the Parisian Diamond Company's many achievements. Either in that well-established favourite, the dog-collar, or in single "ropes" or strings, these pearls have a sheen and lustre which only the real gems can possibly display. That the Parisian Diamond Company have succeeded in wresting one of Nature's best-kept secrets will ever remain their great master-piece of discovery. To them also is due the extraordinary verisimilitude in rubies, emeralds, and, last but not least, diamonds, which marks all the Company's "pieces" of jewellery,

from the tiniest collar-brooch to the massive stomacher, tiara, or ceinture. Elegance in design has, in fact, been a no less important factor in the Company's abnormal success than the inherent beauty of the actual jewels, as the merest acquaintance with their shop-fronts can realise. Particularly charming and suitable for Christmas presents are their slender platinum neck-chains supporting quaintly shaped jewels, which are quite a new feature in gem-work. Brooches in a hundred dainty devices are in evidence, too, a few of which are shown on this page as representative of the Company's work. Square-cut emeralds surmounted by small brilliants are elegant novelties in earrings. A delicious Louis XV. miniature-frame, mounted as brooch or pendant,

revives in glorified edition an old, old fashion, as also do the enamelled heart-shaped posy-brooches, reminiscent of exquisite eighteenth-century trifles. Combs, buckles, clasps, hat-pins, and a thousand other charming trifles await the connoisseur, who can best satisfy herself of their seductions in a visit to one of the Company's establishments in either Regent Street, Bond Street, or classic Burlington Arcadia.

A word in the ear of those who make their Christmas purchases Citywards will direct the wise to Spiers and Pond's leviathan Stores in Queen Victoria Street and Water Lane, where from the traditional needle to the anchor and all in between can be negotiated with infinitely inexpensive ease by the inquiring or requiring public. Without being intimately interested in Christmas hampers, crackers, bonbon-boxes, or other cheerful specialities of this merry season, it may be here advanced to those who are that Spiers and Pond's is the place to purchase all or each cheaply and well, together with the infinitude of other household objects which go towards the making of a home. Special advantages are offered also to the purchasers of jewellery and plate from the fact that, owing to their position and immense

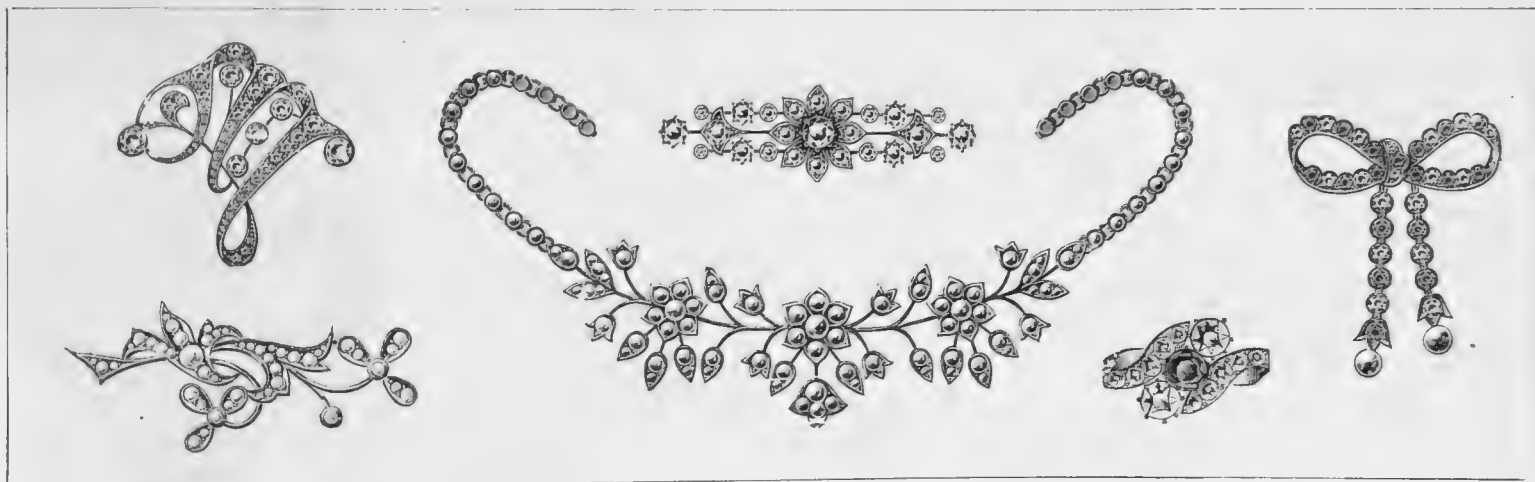


CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

premises, rent does not play a premier part in expenses, and small Stores' profits only are charged on the most inexpensive or valuable objects alike. Some exceptionally attractive specialities in jewellery are instanced on page 309, and as Christmas presents few objects can excel the tempting prettiness of latest expressions in *l'Art Nouveau*, amongst these fine diamond brooches, hair-ornaments, bracelets in artistic combination of enamel, pearl, and diamond, châtelaine watches in curiously carved gold (reproductions of ancient artistry), charms, pendants, and a dozen—many dozens—more besides of newest and most original designs and combinations in jewellery, at prices temptingly moderate. Of more important possessions, Spiers and Pond's have costly store as well—diamond tiaras and splendid corsage-pieces, necklaces of price and rivières of dazzling brilliants. But one admires nothing more than a necklet of fine pearl festoons and clusters with large turquoise centres, for which the modest price

of £24 only was asked; and an exquisite necklace of graduated ivy-leaves with diamond centres, at a correspondingly unpretentious sum, roused all the imps of envious desire. To Spiers and Pond should one emphatically go for all such dainty gauds and gewgaws.

finishing each—a charming conceit and costing only 45s. The new veil-clasp, in oval-shaped carved gold inset with pearls, costs from 25s., and represents use and ornament most happily combined. Another of Messrs. Elkington's specialities is the pierced gold hat-pin



NEW JEWELLERY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT SPIERS AND POND'S.

Winter weddings are more frequent happenings than usual this year, the matrimonial epidemic owing much, no doubt, to the happy return of many men of war. At a particularly pretty country wedding, which took place last week, the bride broke away from convention by wearing her traditional white satin bordered and trimmed with sable; very light embroideries of small brown sequins made an uncommon and excellent effect besides, while the six bridesmaids wore smart gowns of white corduroy velvet, with sable muffs and sable-trimmed brown velvet hats, producing altogether an original and seasonable picture. I greatly admired the bridegroom's benefactions of six pearl pendants exquisitely designed, which came from Elkington's, of 22, Regent Street. The design was unique, a large central pearl set as a flower in a chased gold cup set round with lily-leaves, and a pear-shaped pearl hung from the base. I admired them so much the bride confided they only cost £3 15s. each. With a mental resolution to interview Christmas presents at Elkington's, I betook myself to the Piccadilly end of Regent Street, and discovered an astonishing number of inexpensive and exquisite ornaments suitable for either bridal or birthday or Yuletide offerings which should really be interviewed by all those in search of either. A slender gold chain strung with turquoise matrix and bead pearls was an alluring equivalent for a five-pound note; carved gold monogram-brooches set round with a ring of pearl shamrocks for £2 7s. 6d.; another dainty style being interlaced pearl hearts, one letter in each, and topped with a little true-lovers' knot in carved gold, which was only £2. Elkington's *spécialité* bridesmaid's brooch has a couple of intertwined hearts with two pendent chains, a jewelled initial-pin

costing only 17s. 6d., or, with a large inset turquoise, 22s. 6d. Various pretty designs of the newly revived "hair" brooch are also a novelty particular to this firm, while their selection of gold charms is entirely unique, a milk-cart, a cab, a "Tomoye," or Japanese luck-bringer, being a few amongst hundreds. Of more important ornaments, a splendid

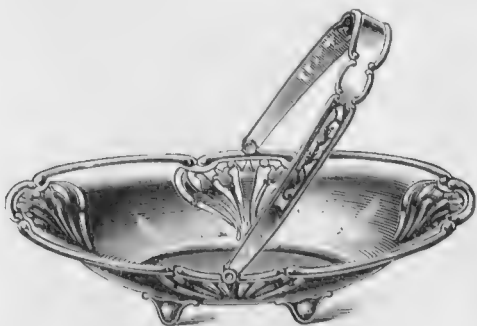
spray in diamonds of dog-rose and leaf design may be instanced, the new "crown"-shaped tiaras, and, amongst diamond necklaces, three large knots tying a string of superb brilliants was noticeably beautiful. A lizard studded with turquoises and diamonds, a splendid model of a falcon in diamonds, a spider of unquestionable attractions, were amongst the gorgeous and glittering display set forth in Elkington's ample salons, which form such attractive



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT ELKINGTON'S.

background for their great collection of antique and modern plate. The Renaissance of the present time, which in a rebound from early Victorian ugliness has gone to the uttermost ends of artistic luxury, shows itself in many aspects. In our houses, furniture, clothes, even to the very jewellery with which lovely woman adorns herself, a new era has arisen, and the mere display of so much intrinsic value gives way to beauty of design and originality of handicraft, as in

ancient times before the world was unduly enriched and vulgarised thereby. *L'Art Nouveau* does not define any particular style. It is merely the catch-word of all emancipation from mechanical and outworn ideas. As applied to jewellery, it centralises a dozen artistic departures under one expressive title. How various and charming are the best of these we can gather in one afternoon by a visit to Mappin Brothers, of



A CAKE-BASKET.



A PRETTY FLOWER-STAND.



A DOUBLE PRESERVE-STAND.

SOME CHOICE TABLE REQUISITES AT MAPPIN BROTHERS'.

220, Regent Street, who encourage the craftsman's talent to such successful issues. Their collection of uncommon and unique jewellery is quite special to this establishment, and, for those who cannot venture townwards at this season, a photographic catalogue is sent on application which instances some of Mappin Brothers' loveliest models. This artistic spirit is equally evidenced in the silver-ware and "Queen's Plate" of this firm, hand-pierced silver, of which a cake-basket, as illustrated, is an example, being another speciality. Coming to the useful class of Christmas presents, one finds many inexpensive and tempting novelties. A "Queen's Plate" pudding-basin, for instance, with supports and rim of shell pattern, for two guineas; pie-dishes *en suite*; a pickle-jar, with handsomely cut bottles; a "Queen's Plate" dish-warmer, such an undeniable boon and blessing for the breakfast-table; an Irish wooden potato-bowl, with silver handles, cover, and mount; double preserve-stands for the breakfast-table to carry marmalade and one's favourite conserve; patent lock-up spirit-decanter; and a hundred other useful presents beside, suitable for this gift-giving season, will well repay a visit of investigation to this old-established and well-renowned firm.

SYBIL.

ATTRACTIVE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

I made a call on the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., last week, as it is an ideal resort wherein to seek Christmas gifts. I was much impressed by the attention shown to me by the assistants, as I was able to wander about at will inspecting all the treasures, and never once was I pressed to make a purchase.

The Company have a fascinating variety of pretty brooches, from half-a-guinea up to small fortunes. Then there are lovely little necklets, bracelets, pendants, scarf-pins in coloured enamels and jewels.

Quite the newest fashion in kerchief-bags is the "Pompador," a very useful article to take with one to the theatre, for instance. The bag is composed of a very open, fine mesh, both in silver and gold, with satin lining edged with a deep lace frill. This exquisite novelty can be obtained only at 112, Regent Street, and is quite modest in price, forty shillings complete. I was astonished at the marvellous variety of suitable things one can purchase in silver from about ten shillings or even less: cigarette-cases, match-boxes, bonbon-dishes, patent books, boxes, frames, &c., fitted with spring covers, ash-trays, cigar cutters and lighters. Tea-knives at twenty shillings also seem very cheap.

I have had sketched a few rather serviceable articles both in modern style and pieces from the Edwardian series of the Company's wares, also specimens of the artistic combination of silver and tortoiseshell, as I think they are fair examples of the good things one can see at 112, Regent Street.

The Company have published a special novelty list which they are willing to send post free to all, and to those of my readers whom distance presents an insuperable obstacle to personal shopping one of these lists will be a blessing indeed. My readers may have every

confidence in spending their money at 112, Regent Street, as the Company's prices are so very moderate. Being manufacturers, they can supply goods at almost cost price, and, as far as I can judge, they do this.

A SOUVENIR TO LADY BROOK-HITCHING.

This magnificent diamond necklace and pendant has been presented to Lady Brook-Hitching by Sheriff Sir T. H. Brook-Hitching as a souvenir of his year of office as Sheriff of London. It has been specially designed and made to order by that popular firm, The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W., and Fenchurch Street, E.C., and does them great credit. The diamonds are all matched, and the pendant can be detached from the necklace to form a brooch, if desirable.



DIAMOND NECKLACE AND PENDANT PRESENTED TO LADY BROOK-HITCHING.

A rough room in a log-hut in a desert island, such as that sacred to Robinson Crusoe and his adventures, and a dainty, luxurious drawing-room in the mansion of a peer in Mayfair—these are the admirably contrasted scenes in which the new play or "fantasy," by Mr. Barrie, "The Admirable Crichton," is presented at the Duke of York's theatre. In the one scene we have primitive conditions, only one degree above barbarism; in the other the skill and taste of a well-known art-furnishing house, Oetzmann's, of Hampstead Road, W., and Grafton Street, Dublin, have filled the stage with lovely old French furniture in gilt and tender-hued tapestries, and with beautiful "bits" of old-world furniture inlaid with tortoiseshell and enriched with ormolu. The contrast is piquant and serves to enhance the moral of the play.

The Photographic Post-card Competition initiated by Messrs. Kodak, Limited, has been a wonderfully popular one. Three classes were instituted, one for portraiture and figure studies, another for landscape and seascape, and a third for architecture, street scenes and incidents, and any other subject not included in the first two. The result was that over five thousand entries were received, and the excellence of the majority of the post-cards in the Exhibition is a striking proof not only of the efficiency of the operators, but also of the merits of the Kodak sensitised post-cards on which the subjects were printed.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven and Dieppe, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on Wednesday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the Express Night Service on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

His Majesty the King of Portugal has just honoured Mr. George Cording, Regent Street, with an order for sporting water-proofs.

A notable smoking concert in connection with one of London's great benevolent institutions was held at the Queen's Hall on Thursday evening last, to aid the endowment fund of the Drapers' Cottage Homes, Mill Hill, Hendon. The hall was well filled, and many of the leading representatives of the textile trade of London and from all parts of the kingdom were present in support of the Chairman, Mr. T. W. Jerrard, of the firm of Messrs. Jerrard, Darby, and Clegg, of Wood Street, E.C. A capital programme was given, which did not lack a most appreciative audience. Doubtless the funds of the charity will be greatly assisted by this concert. £20,000 at least is required for the endowment scheme, of which £7,000 has already been subscribed, and the secretary, Mr. John W. Stuttle, will be glad to receive any help in this direction at his office, 43, Finsbury Square, E.C.



ARTISTIC GIFTS FROM THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

THE RISE IN RHODESIANS.

NOW that the Rhodesian missionaries have returned from the scenes of their labours, little time has been lost in publishing the preliminary accounts of their journey, and probably it will not be long before another detailed statement as to the resources of the Colony will be placed before the shareholders of the British South Africa and its subsidiary Companies. Whether there be payable gold in Rhodesia or not—and, despite the recent gold output, there are still some people who express doubts as to the lasting capacity of the mines—it is becoming more and more apparent that the Colony offers wide scope for enterprise in plenty of other directions. The pastoral aspect of the country is, of course, more or less obscured by the projects for winning richer wealth from the soil. Within the last week or so has come another outburst of activity in Copper shares, induced by the somewhat hazy idea that the progress of the railway to Wankie will enable copper operations to be carried on at a much cheaper rate than heretofore. We have persistently set our faces against the gambling which has taken place already in the few concerns placed upon the market over here, and again would urge the advisability of publishing proper prospectuses, which would, at least, give the public an opportunity of seeing what sort of thing they were asked to put their money into. It is all very well to quote the assays of a few isolated cases where copper of great richness has been found and then to rush up shares in Copper Companies to a fancy figure, the movement being due not to any public demand, but simply to inside manipulation. Where the prudent speculator is likely to find most scope for his money at the present time is in such concerns as Lomagunda Development and kindred Companies. Rhodesia Exploration, dull for months past, are also likely to have a return to activity, and Chartered themselves are generally a hopeful gamble anywhere in the neighbourhood of 3½. It may be a case of having to lock up these shares for some time, but their ultimate ascent to higher levels is practically assured, if only by the certainty that the usual cycle of animation must come round again before long. In an indirect way, Rhodesia has been considerably crippled by the Transvaal War, but her powers of recuperation are at least as great as those of our new Colonies, while the absence of political animosity and wire-pulling is a hopeful feature which must not be left out of consideration. The Chartered Company is coming to see that kindly treatment of its children will do them and itself more good than the Penruddocking system which it has been accused of favouring in times past.

REFRESHMENT COMPANIES.

Very respectable profits can now be secured by those who bought Slaters shares at the time that they were first suggested as looking cheap enough to be attractive. From about 2½ the price has steadily advanced to practically a pound higher, and the market is a hard one, looking as though it would go still better. Of course, a good part of the recent rise has been produced by the same cause as is depressing the price of Lyons shares, to wit, the coming of the new Slaters' restaurant in Throgmorton Street. For a while it seems possible that Lyons must decrease and Slaters increase, because it has to be remembered that on neither shares at the current level is a substantially good return available. Prospects count for so much in the catering business that the assumption of a higher price for Slaters is justifiable on this ground alone, and it is needless to reiterate the Stock Exchange fears, namely, that Slaters' meat may prove Lyons' poison. In our idea, there is plenty of room, plenty of business, for both these undertakings, and, whether it be true or not that the supply of restaurants is largely instrumental in creating a demand, the opinion remains that another new establishment in Throgmorton Street will be able to flourish without the others feeling the competition to any extent. Aërated Bread shares are held mostly by the steady-going investor, but have steadily declined in favour as the Company begins to draw near to the time when its regular share-watering must cease.

Spiers and Pond have so large a stake in hotel enterprise that the shares, perhaps, hardly fall under the heading of this note, but it must be said that the fluctuations in their business do not make the shares a desirable holding for those to whom stability of price is a matter of concern.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg Correspondent. It deals with the Wernher-Beit mines, and will be followed by others dealing with the Barnato Goldfields and remaining groups in turn.

THE BEIT GROUP OF MINES.

The Beit combination of financiers has come to be mainly associated in the public mind with the Rand Mines, Limited, but Mr. Beit was a power, the dominant power on the Rand, before the Rand Mines, Limited, was called into being. The Rand Mines, Limited, is but the *magnum opus*, the crowning work of one of the most remarkable combinations in mining finance that the world has ever seen. Yet so little was the future of the Rand understood, so little was the foresight of Mr. Beit, his partners, and technical advisers appreciated, that the advent of this great Company, ten years ago, was made the excuse for a crusade against the Rand deep-levels in general, and of the financial methods of the Rand Mines, Limited, in particular, by reputable newspapers like the *Economist*. Time has, indeed, brought its revenge, for this Company is to-day the greatest, wealthiest, and most solid corporation on the Witwatersrand. It controls many of the largest and most successful mines, and, so far, none of its subsidiaries can be ranked as a failure.

The mining claims which Mr. Beit and his partners acquired in the early days and put in as the assets of the Rand Mines, Limited, when the Company was afterwards formed, were bought for the proverbial old song. No one then knew the value of the conglomerates in the outcrop mines; the deep-levels were even less understood; indeed, there were very many, some of them among the mining magnates of to-day, who openly scoffed at the idea of the reefs extending to any considerable depth. To-day, when the first row of deep-levels, including the bulk of the Rand Mines' subsidiaries, are hardly regarded as deep-levels at all, we have the scoffers attacking the deeper deeps. But, just as Mr. Beit and his partners in 1892-93 went on with their shaft-sinking undeterred by hostile criticism, and in the course of time opened up the reefs at from 1000 to 2000 feet, so the men of to-day are putting down their 5000-foot shafts and have projects on paper for mining at much greater depths.

The Geldenhuis Deep was the first of the Rand Mines' subsidiaries to start crushing. This was towards the end of 1895. Unfortunately, owing to a large battery being started before the mine was sufficiently developed, the initial returns were not satisfactory and the detractors of deep-levels crowded loudly. The mistake was avoided in future at other mines. To-day the Geldenhuis Deep is an assured success. It has 200 stamps (only 130 at work, on account of the scarcity of native labour) and has over a million tons of ore developed. The Rand Mines, Limited, owns 40 per cent. of the shares. As an investment the shares are sound, but the high level at which they usually stand offers little inducement to the man who merely wants a "turn."

The Rose Deep, in which the Rand Mines, Limited, holds 154,000 shares, or 36 per cent. of the total, is another highly successful mine. Immediately before the War this mine was keeping up a steady average of £30,000 profit a month, with 200 stamps at work. Working costs were about 21s. 6d. a ton, and the average yield about 42s. This was one of the mines worked during the War by the Boers, who took gold out of it to the value of £168,000. When it resumed crushing the Company had a small debit balance to wipe off, and, as profits have averaged only from £6000 to £8000 a month, with about 80 stamps at work, it may be a considerable time before a substantial dividend is paid. Whatever the future has in store, it is improbable that the average of £30,000 profit a month will ever be greatly exceeded with 200 stamps. Having unusually big reefs—some thirteen feet in all being stoped—the mine has a large tonnage of ore, and its life is estimated at fully twenty years.

The Crown Deep, in which the Rand Mines, Limited, holds 232,000 shares, equal to over 77 per cent. of the entire capital, is certainly a Company which has not yet been seen at its best. Its average yield from the starting of the battery in 1897 is only slightly over 40s. a ton, and this will yet be substantially improved upon. Costs were down to about 23s. before the War, with 200 stamps at work, and this also is not the best the Company can do. Ever since milling was started the mining operations have been, to a large extent, in broken ground, but this drawback is now gradually disappearing, and the results may be expected in time to approximate to those of the Crown Reef, which before the War showed a yield of over 50s. a ton, with costs at 24s. (for 120 stamps), the profit working out at about 27s. a ton. Like so many Rand Companies, the close of the War found the Crown Deep in financial straits. Relief was obtained by the sale of a portion of the Company's holding in the Robinson Central Deep. There remain 88,384 shares, worth from 85s. to 90s. a share. The Company has 600,000 tons of ore developed, and the life of the mine, with 200 stamps, is not much short of twenty years, allowing only for the South Reef and the Main Reef leader.

In the Ferreira Deep—one of the richest mines of the group, possibly the very richest—the Rand Mines, Limited, holds 464,000 shares, or 51 per cent. of the total capital. This Company started milling with 50 stamps only a few months before the outbreak of the War, and it has consequently had no opportunity yet of showing what it will eventually do. But investors may rest assured of the exceeding richness of the mine, and that costs will be materially reduced from 31s., the rate with 50 stamps before the War, may be taken as a certainty. That the shares will one day



MR. A. R. GOLDRING, SECRETARY TO THE CHAMBER OF MINES, JOHANNESBURG.

Photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

stand at an enhanced value is also quite certain; but, meanwhile, with only a portion of its battery at work, the Company is earning small profits, and there is little prospect of a dividend in the near future.

The Rand Mines, Limited, has a very large holding in the Langlaagte Deep. It held 92 per cent. of the total capital before the recent issue of shares, and the proportion is not likely to have been much altered since. There are over 600,000 tons of ore developed in this mine, and when, eventually, there are 200 stamps at work, profits are likely to be good, as the two reefs worked are both of a good size and costs will be low. As in the case of nearly all the mines worked since the War, the conditions have been abnormal; but before the War, with 100 stamps, working costs were 28s. a ton, and this rate ought to be considerably reduced, particularly with double the number of stamps at work.

In the Glen Deep, the Rand Mines, Limited, holds 257,000 shares, equal to 42 per cent. of the total. A fresh issue of capital is projected when the market improves, to wipe off liabilities and double the present battery of 100 stamps. Three reefs are stoped in this mine, but the development would need to be pushed on energetically to keep 200 stamps going. If the labour outlook does not improve, there is no prospect of this mine, and, indeed, of the majority of the mines, paying any dividend for a long time to come.

The Nourse Deep, in which the Rand Mines, Limited, holds 66 per cent. of the capital, has been handicapped owing to the disturbed state of some portions of the mine, but if, as is probable, these disturbances should turn out to be local, the Company will steadily improve once labour gets more plentiful. The financial position of the Company is all right, the South Reef in the mine is moderately rich, and there are nearly 500,000 tons of ore developed on three reefs.

The Jumpers Deep, in which the holding of the Rand Mines, Limited, is about 308,000 shares, or 58 per cent. of the total, may also be expected to show better results in the good time coming—by-and-by. The mine has a development of about half-a-million tons on two reefs.

In the Durban-Rodepoort Deep, Robinson Central Deep, Village Main, Village Deep, and Simmer and Jack West, the holdings of this gigantic proprietary Company are comparatively small, but it holds 39 per cent. of the shares of the South Nourse, a new mine on the second row of deep-levels, 48 per cent. of the Wolhuter Deep, and 60 per cent. of the South Rand. It has also 40,000 shares in the Wolhuter, equal to 18 per cent., and over 50 per cent. of the shares of the Paarl Central, an outcrop Company in the Langlaagte district.

Of the many other mines controlled by Wernher, Beit, and Company, it is only possible to say a word. A large proportion, like the Robinson, Bonanza, Ferreira, etc., have reached the highest possible state of efficiency. Others, like the New Modderfontein, Bantjes, &c., are yet only in the chrysalis stage. The Beit group have the services of the best mining experts, usually American, and their mine-managers are, as a rule, most capable men.

Saturday, Dec. 6, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CHOSE.—The mine has a capital of £400,000, of which £322,056 has been issued. It has produced diamonds since 1896, to the value of over £185,000, and made a profit for 1900-1901 of £11,072. As a speculation it is not bad; the present price is probably due to the entire absence of public support and to the labour troubles now existing.

FROGGY.—We fear we cannot tell you "how to make money"; while, as for investing money "which would double itself in a few years," do you think we should be scribbling for the Press were we possessed of the secret? The best thing you can do is to pay your savings to a good Insurance Company upon terms of being granted an annuity after a certain age.

M. C. (Ireland).—We sent you the information you asked for on the 1st inst.

SOUTH COAST.—(1) The Birkbeck Bank is thoroughly reliable. (2) The Third Pref. are a good speculation, in our opinion, but "investment" is hardly the right word to apply to a purchase.

ANXIOUS.—It is very difficult to advise you. However good the Collieries may be, there must be a great risk in having the whole of your money invested in such concerns so far away. The Marine shares are about 17s. 6d., and the others 35s. The price of the former has fallen because of a fire at the mine. The Elandslaagte Colliery is considered one of the best in Natal.

F. F. (Hamburg).—The proprietors of this paper and of the *Graphic* are quite distinct. We have handed your letter to the Publishing Department of the journal in question.

RUS IN URBE.—(1) We do not see much prospect of Liptons moving up, unless the Company make money out of the Durbar at Delhi. (2) All three of your Kaffirs are good. If prices improve, they would all move up. Bonanza is a splendid payer, but the life of the mine is probably very short. As a speculative investment, we prefer Wolhuter.

A. T. W.—Willans and Robinson shares are among the best of the Engineering group. Like all iron and steel concerns, the Company must have good and bad times, and this class of trade is not supposed to be on the up grade at present. The other three concerns are all fair investments, and we see no reason to sell.

HULL.—The bonds are honest enough and the prizes are paid, but we do not think they are desirable investments. Messrs. C. R. and Co. ask a trifle over the market price, and you would buy cheaper by dealing with Messrs. N. Keyzer and Co., of 28, Threadneedle Street.

AFRIC.—We have a poor opinion of the Tanganyika Company. It has great possibilities, but is a mere gamble. Our opinion of the Rhodesian concern is equally bad, while the Coetzestroom has a wretched record. It is a second reconstruction; the authorised capital is £75,000, and 241,000 5s. shares have been issued. There are no Founders' shares in Barnato Consolidated Mines.

E. J. C.—Your question is a purely legal one. Consult a solicitor and pay him his fee for advice. See Rule 6 of Correspondence Rules published last week.

IRON.—Our advice to purchase good things was based on the principle that it is never safe to try to get in at the bottom. The man who is for ever waiting for the ideal moment generally gets left. Very likely, things may be a bit worse, but when they begin to mend they will run up quickly. Wait till the end of next Account.

GAMBLE.—The people are "touts," and you will certainly lose your money. They merely run stock against their clients, let them have a trifle when they like, and scoop the pool when they think it is time.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that a special train, composed of first and second class lavatory corridor carriages, and a restaurant car, will leave Boulogne for Marseilles, Hyères, Cannes, Grasse, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, on Tuesday, Dec. 23, in connection with the 2.20 p.m. express service from Charing Cross Station by the short sea-route, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne. Passengers will be able to return any day from Jan. 5 to Jan. 30 inclusive, either *viâ* Calais or Boulogne. The sea-passage from Folkestone to Boulogne will be performed by one of the South-Eastern and Chatham Company's large boats, in from eighty to a hundred minutes.

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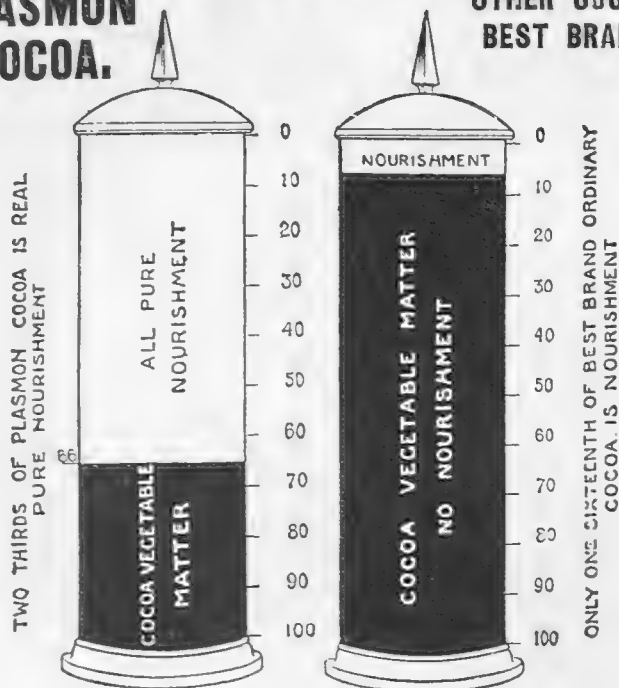
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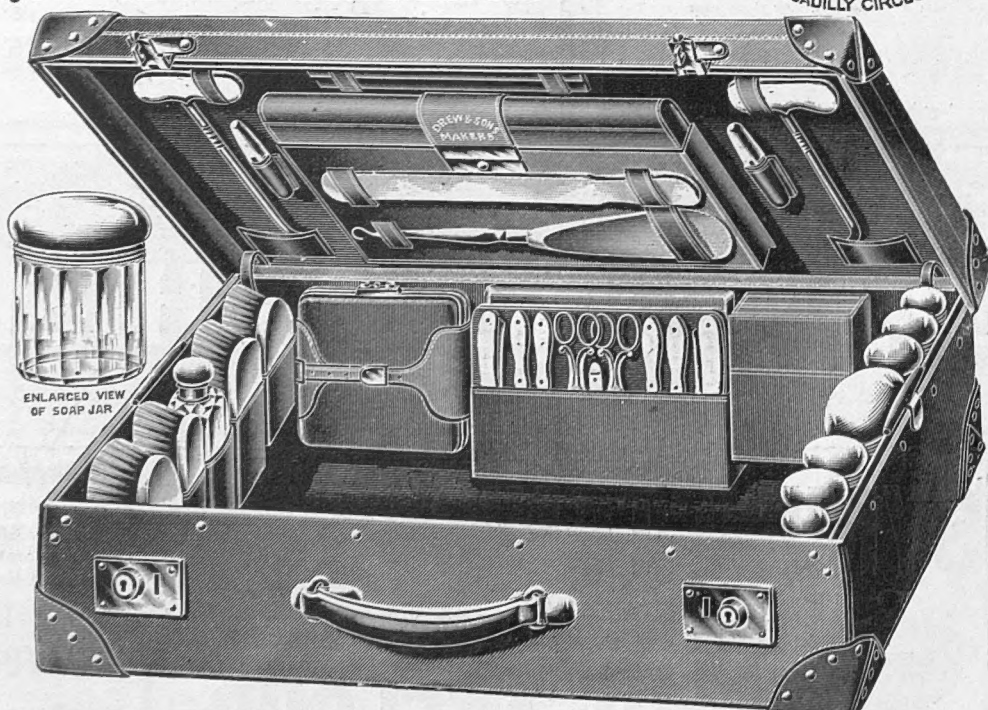
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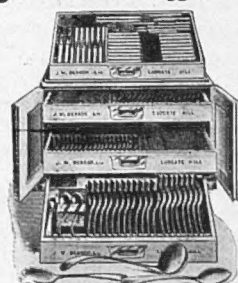
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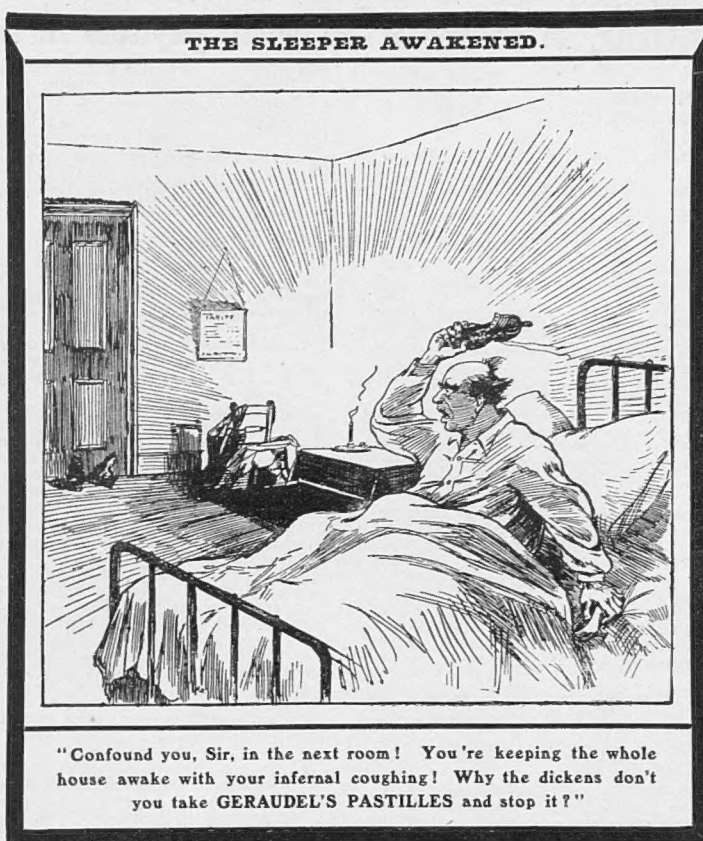
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IF YOU SUFFER FROM A RACKING COUGH THAT WILL NOT LET YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT, OR LET THOSE NEAR YOU SLEEP. THE PASTILLES WILL DISSOLVE AND SO ACT UPON THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS THAT ALL IRRITATING MATTER WILL PASS AWAY, YOUR LUNGS WILL BE SOOTHED, AND YOU'LL SLEEP LIKE A TOP.



NOTHING IS MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO THE GENERAL HEALTH THAN WANT OF SLEEP, AND SLEEP IS IMPOSSIBLE IF YOU HAVE A BAD COUGH. WITH GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES TO GIVE YOU QUIET BREATHING, THE COUGH VANISHES, AND THERE REMAINS NO HINDRANCE TO A HEALTHY AND REFRESHING SLEEP; AND OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING!

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FINE ENAMEL PEARL & DIAMOND PENDANT.
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NEW ART FINELY CHASED BRACELET, SET WHOLE PEARLS & SAPPHIRES.
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FINE CHASED GOLD, PEARL DROP.
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£26.0.0.

The Subscription List Opens To-Day (Wednesday), at Ten o'clock a.m., and Closes at 4 p.m. To-morrow (Thursday).

Applicants for Shares are required to make payment in full upon application. As a large Subscription is expected, we regret it will be impossible to give our Agents any priority, or make reserve on their account. Allotments will be made to each and all Applicants strictly as received. Over-Subscriptions in excess of the amounts allotted will be returned by the following Thursday.

EAU DE COLOGNE, Limited

(JOHANN MARIA FARINA & CO.),

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900).

CAPITAL—£160,000, in shares of £1 each, payable in full upon application.

DIRECTORS—

FRANCIS B. VAUGHAN, D.L., J.P., Courtfield, Ross, Hereford.

Hon. FITZROY S. K. STEWART, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W., Director of Prince's Hall Restaurant; The Rock Life Assurance Company.

HENRY W. PEARCE, Member Chamber of Commerce, 1, St. James' Road, West Croydon.

M. F. RYAN, L.R.C.P., 15, Gower Street, London, W.C.

*THEO. PANTENBURG (Johann Maria Farina and Co.), Brandenburger Strasse 8, City of Cologne.

* To join after completion.

SOLICITOR: WILLIAM H. STUBBS, 12, Regent Street, London, and 59, Temple Row, Birmingham.

SECRETARY (pro tem.): A. H. BOTTEN.

LONDON OFFICES: 12, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

CITY OF COLOGNE OFFICES: BRANDENBURGER STRASSE 8, COLOGNE.

BANKERS—THE LONDON, CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London; and Branches.

AUDITORS—CANN, CORBRIDGE, and METCALFE, 19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.; and 17, Bank Street, Sheffield.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire and take over the business of the manufacture and sale of the world-renowned Eau de Cologne (Johann Maria Farina and Co.), described herein, and now carried on in the City of Cologne.

Eau de Cologne ("Water of Cologne") has been in daily use in the boudoir of so many distinguished ladies, from the Royal Palaces downwards, for more than a century, that a list of patrons and customers would be quite impossible. Its use is still widely increasing in all parts of the globe, and the medical profession everywhere recommends it on account of its remarkably refreshing and purifying power—indeed, it has become almost a necessity to healthy existence.

Eau de Cologne has been fitly styled "The World's Greatest Perfume." Millions of bottles, large and small, are sold; many at the price of a guinea for each bottle, and in smaller sizes at popular prices. Our genuine "Johann Maria Farina" has obtained gold and silver medals for many years past in acknowledgment of its superiority over the numerous imitations. Probably more Eau de Cologne is sold all over the world than all other perfumes put together. From father to son its traditions have been handed down until the names "Johann Maria Farina" and "Johann Anton Farina" have become household words.

The "Great Secret" of two centuries of the manufacture of this article, which is bringing every year so much profit to its various owners, is to-day more valuable than ever, and attempts to copy it increase the sale of our "Original" and "Ancient" quality, on account of that singular reviving effect it possesses, which is so much appreciated by the connoisseur, and of such value in the case of invalids.

The "Genuine Quality," our Firm's own manufacture, from first to last has never changed, and can be easily distinguished by the pungency and penetrating nature of its aroma, also by our own celebrated label bearing our Firm's signature, and in this country the word "Gegenüber" with the "Platz" or "Strass" in the City of Cologne, as mentioned herein.

The best qualities have been and are always known among Eau de Cologne manufacturers as "Johann Maria Farina" and "Johann Anton Farina."

That our Shareholders may judge the nature of pure and genuine essence, a small quantity will, in future, be sent, carriage paid, to Shareholders only, on receipt of name and address. It will be found that one drop of this purest Eau de Cologne lasts longer and is more fragrant than probably any other perfume known. This purest quality will be especially appreciated by ladies. It is marked Johann Maria Farina and Co., "Unobtainable Brand," "Three Stars." Label only used for this special purpose.

Records show that Eau de Cologne was first established by Giovanni Maria Farina, born in 1685 (Encyl. Brit.), and by Paul Feminis, and continued by Johann Maria Farina, from whom it has descended, amongst others, to the Founders of the present businesses of this Company, as hereinafter referred to.

Profits.—The difference between the cost and selling prices of Eau de Cologne is so great that, for reasons easily understood by investors, it is inadvisable to disclose the same. It is obviously impossible to estimate the value of a secret of this character, and the vendors object to their profits being published to the trade, but they are willing to accept the purchase entirely in Shares in this Company, if so desired. A number of fortunes have been amassed in connection with Eau de Cologne manufacture and sale. The Directors anticipate that the dividends upon this issue will be unusually substantial.

This Company will take over the Goodwill, Freehold, Stock, Plant, Trade Marks, &c., in the City of Cologne, also the Eau de Cologne Dépôts—so well known to travellers—near the Cathedral; they are the Eau de Cologne businesses at: 1. The Freehold Manufactory, Brandenburger Strasse 8, Cologne; 2. The Dom Hotel Dépôt, opposite the Dom Hotel; 3. The Cathedral Dépôt, near the Cathedral; 4. The well-known Jülicher business and Joseph Platz business; 5. Agencies: 58, Rue St. Lazare, Brussels; 6. 4, Rue Gimouis, Brussels; 7. 36, Rue Clarent, Basle.

It is particularly requested that purchasers, should they ever require to transfer their Shares, will give our customers and agents the opportunity of acquiring same by communicating with the Secretary.

A Contract has been entered into, dated Nov. 15, 1902, between Johann Anton Farina (proprietor, Paul Neubner), Zur Stadt Mailand, Coeln (makers of the "Original" and "Genuine" Eau de Cologne), and the Cologne Syndicate, Limited, regarding the sale of the said Eau de Cologne in Great Britain, and a Contract dated Nov. 10, 1902, between A. A. Roberts, of 12, Regent Street, London, the promoter of this Company, and the Cologne Syndicate, Limited, of 8, Finch Lane, London, E.C., and an Agreement dated Aug. 4, 1902, between the said A. A. Roberts and Theo. Pantenburg, Cologne, regarding the sale of Eau de Cologne in the British Dominions; and an Agreement dated Dec. 1, 1902, between J. W. Holdsworth, of 28, Finsbury Pavement, London, and the said Cologne Syndicate, Limited, regarding advertising; and an Agreement dated Nov. 17, 1902, between the Cologne Syndicate, Limited, and Theo. Pantenburg, Johann Maria Farina and Company, Brandenburger Strasse 8, City of Cologne, regarding the sale of his freehold premises and business, for Cash and Shares in Eau de Cologne, Limited; and an Agreement, dated Nov. 25, 1902, between K. V. Wagner, 34, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, London, and the said Cologne Syndicate, Limited, re purchase of British Agency; also Agreement dated Nov. 12, 1902, between Eau de Cologne, Limited, of 12, Regent Street, London, and the said Cologne Syndicate, Limited, by whom this issue is made, whereby, for the consideration of the whole of the Ordinary Shares, which are issued fully paid to the Cologne Syndicate, Limited, less £25,000, which is reserved for subscription as working capital, the said Syndicate transfers at a profit to the said Company the said Business, Freeholds, Dépôts, Goodwill, and Plant, and agrees to add further Manufacturing Premises capable of turning out additionally 6,000,000 bottles annually. The said purchase has been made for Shares without valuation.

The said purchase does not include the American and Colonial rights and business.

Applications should be forwarded to the Bankers at the Head Office, or any of the Branches, together with the amount payable on application.

Where applications are not accepted, the deposits will be returned without deduction, and where the number of Shares accepted be less than the amount applied for, the surplus will be returned on the following Thursday.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the Agreements relating to the business of the Company, above referred to, may be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors or of the Company, while the list is open.

Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Secretary.

London, Dec. 4, 1902.

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TO SECURE A PURE COLOUR AND PERFECT FINISH
Gentlemen are sending their
SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS
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SAUNDERS & SHEPHERD'S PATENT SELF-CLOSING BRACELETS,

In Plain Gold
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No Snap to come Unfastened.
Delightfully Flexible and Comfortable.

Which are the Original Design, unsurpassed for Workmanship and Finish, and are NO DEARER THAN MANY INFERIOR IMITATIONS.
They are Sold by ALL Leading Jewellers. See that "Flexine" is stamped inside.
WHOLESALE ONLY, SAUNDERS & SHEPHERD LTD., LONDON.

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"LITTLE WILTS" CHEESE.

"Little Wilts" English creamed Cheese should find a place on every table this Christmas time; it has such a delicious flavour, it is so digestible, cheap, & economical in use that no lunch, dinner, or supper will be complete without it. Of all Good-Class Grocers, and Provision Merchants, price 3/4d. each.

Insist on having "Little Wilts"; accept no substitute, or you will be disappointed. If unobtainable, delicious Sample Cheese will be sent (post paid) for 8 stamps on mentioning *The Sketch* to the Sole Makers,
The Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Devizes.
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